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PICTURES FROM THE NEW GALLERY } BY POST, 6½D.



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER (SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH) INTRODUCING THE BUDGET IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, APRIL 16.

"We have paid off in thirty-nine years £190,000,000 of debt. By this self-denying course, the Parliament and the people of this country have raised up a reserve fund of incalculable importance—a reserve fund which, if the time of need should come when this country should again have to fight for its life, would enable us, without imposing a single extra penny of taxation, to raise a couple of hundred millions for the defence of the country."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is curious how ignorant is the outside world of the peculiarities of the literary character. An official in bankruptcy has been saying quite severe things about the conduct of a gentleman who would continue to publish works at his own expense which he could not induce the public to read. As if the publication of a volume of one's own composition had anything at all to do with such sub-lunary considerations! To many authors, and especially to a young one, it seems not only a work of necessity but of pressing urgency. "At this juncture," he writes to his not very willing correspondent in Paternoster Row, "I need hardly point out to you, my dear Sir, how very appropriate a story of the Restoration (or the Reformation, or the Revolution) would be. It is a subject that is more than usually monopolising men's minds." If this fails to convince, personal reasons (not always founded on fact) are adduced: he is about to take a long voyage, the date of his return is doubtful, and he would like to have so important a matter as publication settled before his departure. Life is uncertain, and the idea of his leaving the manuscript to be printed by his executors is most offensive to him. If, as generally happens, he has to publish this delightful volume at his own expense, its failure in no way deters him from a second venture. "My first work," he says, "was rather a literary than a pecuniary success, but it was received by the Press in a most gratifying manner." Half-a-dozen lines written by a friend in a provincial newspaper are his warrant for this statement. Nothing but the impossibility of getting credit prevents his impoverishing himself in this way again; nor is it an ordinary egotism that compels him: he is sincerely convinced that he has something new to tell the world, and that it will be the loser if it does not hear it. This is a vanity of which Solomon himself was ignorant, or he would certainly have given it a foremost place in his denunciation of that weakness; he seems to have been content with having his works in manuscript.

The most extreme case of literary egotism was probably that of Lord Herbert of Chesham, who, instead of consulting a publisher's reader upon the propriety of giving his "De Veritate" to the world, asked his Creator for an opinion. "One fair day in the summer, my casement being open towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my manuscript in my hands, and, devoutly kneeling," explained in a reverent manner that he should like a sign to be given to him on the subject. "I had no sooner spoken these words than a gentle noise came from the heavens," which he, of course, took—as he would have taken any other noise, or none at all—for an affirmative. His biographer observes, "I have no doubt of his Lordship's sincerity in the account. . . . He seems to have considered it as a kind of *imprimatur* given to him from Heaven, and as signifying the divine approbation of the book." As it was not an orthodox work, one may be permitted, without irreverence, to compare his supposed experience with that of the Hebrew who was tempted to indulge in a rasher, and who, upon the inopportune arrival of a thunderstorm, put away his plate with disgust and the remark, "What a fash about a bit of bacon!"

It is surprising to what inconveniences people will submit rather than give themselves a little trouble; though I must admit it ought not to surprise me, who am the worst of sinners in this respect. I would rather put my hand in my pocket—a little way—than my foot over the doorstep the same distance. The persons who redress public grievances—write to the papers (for nothing) about the overcrowding in railway carriages, or the pace of bicycles in the City—I admire beyond measure; but I am not sorry to know that they have their failings. It would be intolerable if these public benefactors had also my heavenly temper and excellent manners; as a rule, I am thankful to say, they are "tetchy" and cantankerous. If everybody were like them, everything would be set right; but what a world it would be to live in! Still, I do think even the wisest of us—that is, those who know that comfort is the one thing needful in what I once heard a cathedral official describe as "this transeptory life"—might give a finger of help to those who are striving to do away with street noises. I know an excellent family who have entirely stopped organ-grinding in their street; it used to be what is called a "quiet" one—that is, one infested by hurdy-gurdies; now it is noiseless. Whenever a youth of Italy, with his instrument of torture, appeared, paterfamilias summoned his whole household to the windows; their faces sparkled with welcome, their hands clasped together in approval of the mechanical strains. Thus encouraged the performer would exhaust his whole repertoire, and then, with glittering teeth, come to claim his due. "We are greatly obliged to you," my friend would say; "we are all, as you see, delighted with your performance; but—it is a matter of principle with us—we never give anything to organ-grinders." After a week or two, during which he very much enlarged his acquaintance with Italian invectives, the hurdy-gurdies ceased to come. It is not everybody who has a household equal to this, but everybody can give notice at the nearest police-station that he does not wish organs to be played in his street, and this, I

am told, is sufficient to prevent it. As to the hurdy-gurdy not performing classical music, and thereby vitiating the public taste, that argument does not seem to me to have much force. When one is composing one's immortal works, or has a headache, or wants to go to sleep, the quality of the music is not so much the question as the quantity.

Many people have presentiments, which they say nothing about unless they come to something; a few, on the other hand, deal with them as though they were certain to be accomplished facts. A lady, whom I will call Mrs. Blank, though she has no reason to be ashamed of her name, which has recently, indeed, been covered with honour, had a presentiment in early widowhood that she would have a great many children. We do not hear whether she regarded this with pleasure or with regret, but she acted upon it. When the first boy was born, she called him William the First, but the next was called William the Second, the next William the Third (like kings), and so on. She adopted the same plan with the girls, who were all called Mary, and only distinguished from one another by their figures—that is, arithmetical figures—Mary the First, Mary the Second, and so on. She had remarked the difficulty people had in finding new names for their numerous offspring, and resolved thus to escape it. Her device was novel and ingenious. Still, it sounded strange, the other day, when William the Third and Queen Mary—that is, Mary the First—were complimented in public for saving some other young person from a watery grave.

The popularity of the duel, even in Germany, is open to some doubt. Its prevalence seems to be caused by "what people will say if there is no fight," rather than a desire for combat. Captain Ross, the finest pistol shot of the day, ascribes the custom in England almost solely to this. There were some noted duellists—men who were famed for the use of their weapon—who were always, or almost always (Ross remarks significantly, "They never challenged me!") ready for the fray, but the world at large "went out" with them unwillingly. They had no wish to fight, and they knew the odds were against them, but they were "not going to be bullied." As a matter of fact, however, they were bullied—into fighting. There is a popular notion that the custom of duelling preserved men from insult and rendered conversation more polite. The very reverse of this, Ross tells us (who was in a dozen affairs, but always as a second; he could shoot swallows on the wing), was the case. "Well-known duellists used to enter the drawing-rooms as Irishmen trail their coats behind them at Donnybrook Fair; and women's hearts sank within them lest their husbands or brothers should be the selected victims. During the occupation of Paris by the Allies, there were duels every day between Frenchmen and the interlopers, the former being always the challengers. They were very skilful with the small sword, and generally polished off their antagonists. Sometimes they made a mistake, as when they jeered a well-known English officer on his having lost his leg at Waterloo—not a very delicate kind of raillery—who proved that he had still the use of his arms by running his adversary through the body.

There were, however, exceptions to the general enthusiasm for fighting at any price. A Captain in one of our cavalry regiments, being challenged, had the choice of weapons and chose the pistol; the Frenchman swore he would only fight with swords; friends, always anxious that these affairs should come off, proffered their good offices and arranged that they should fight on horseback with lances. The combat naturally excited much attention, and took place amid a great crowd. "B. received three wounds," says his biographer, "but, by a lucky prod, eventually killed his man." There is nothing so conventional as the duel: it must be fought with recognised weapons, not with spits or hammers. Any departure from precedent or formality imperils its existence. The fighting across a handkerchief has never been popular, nor the plan of one pistol being loaded and the other not; while, of course, the least touch of humour is fatal to its pretensions. The Englishman and the Frenchman who agreed to fight in the dark is a story which no advocate of the duello could be induced to smile at. The Englishman, wishing to have no blood on his hands, fires up the chimney and brings the Frenchman down. Rogers' postscript, as told by Dickens to Locker, was not the worst part of the story—"When I tell that in Paris I always put the Englishman up the chimney."

The well-known incident in Lever's novel of the duellist in his coat of mail was taken from the biography of Fighting Fitzgerald. He had killed or wounded no fewer than eighteen opponents before his little precaution was discovered. In his duel with Major Cunningham the Major's sword struck against his breast and snapped. Hard as Fitzgerald's heart was known to be, this was thought to be inexplicable, except on the theory of a steel surface, which examination proved to be the case. It is noteworthy that this cowardly scoundrel had been endured in society for many years, solely on account of his supposed skill as a duellist. After his exposure he murdered a neighbour in Ireland quite unscientifically and without any appeal to the laws of honour, and was hanged for it. Twice the rope broke, and twice he fell to the ground, supplicating for five minutes'

longer life. The duel between Lord Camelford and Captain Best was an especially deplorable one. His Lordship was in the wrong and knew it; but would not admit it, because the Captain was known to be a first-rate shot, and, as usual, he feared death less than what people would say. He was not an exemplary character, but his solicitude in his dying moments for his opponent's safety, and to show that he had only himself to thank for the catastrophe, was very touching. The most tragic duel recorded in England was probably that between Lord Byron, granduncle of the poet, and his kinsman, Mr. Chaworth. It was fought in an empty room of a tavern by the light of a solitary tallow candle, and not without some suspicion as regards fairness. Lord Byron was tried for murder, but found guilty only of manslaughter, from the penalties of which he escaped through being a Peer of the realm. This singular privilege was not finally done away with before the present reign. Lord Byron survived his opponent thirty-three years, leaving his title (in 1798) to the poet, who writes of him, "So far from his retiring from the world in consequence of the duel, my granduncle made the tour of Europe, and was appointed Master of the Staghounds afterwards; while as for feeling any remorse about the matter, he always kept the sword with which he had killed his cousin in his bed-chamber, as a trustworthy weapon that had done him good service."

It is very seldom in this imperfect world that we are "pleasurably disappointed." The very fact that there is no less awkward term to describe the feat proves that it is not of a frequent occurrence, and the last place where we look for it is in literature. We are often disappointed in a book; it begins unusually well; we promise ourselves to be interested in it more and more, and we find to our chagrin that the author has exhausted himself in the first few chapters, and cannot "stay." The story called "Illumination" is of the opposite class. Judging from its commencement, one has no great expectations of it. The chief character, Theron Ware, a young minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is so very unlike a hero, the Church members are so absolutely commonplace, the whole atmosphere is so laden with vulgarity, that there seems to be no attraction anywhere. Ware is a fine preacher, and an enthusiast in his calling, as, indeed, he needs to be, in order to endure the two church trustees in whose power he finds himself. In the early days of Spurgeon he had his little troubles with a similar class, of whom he used to say, "We are told that if we resist the Devil he will flee from us; but if you resist a deacon he will fly at you." The Methodist minister at Octavius was not a Spurgeon, but he had some self-respect, and showed it when "Brothers" Pierce and Winch would have ridden roughshod over him. Their first conference did not establish friendly relations—

Brother Pierce rose gingerly to his feet, with the hesitation of an old man not sure about his knees. When he had straightened himself he put on his hat and eyed the minister sternly from beneath its brim. "The Lord gives us crosses grievous to our natures," he said, "and we're told to bear 'em cheerfully as long as they're on our backs; but there ain't nothin' said agin our unloadin' 'em in the ditch the minute we git the chance. I guess you won't last here more'n a twelvemonth."

He pulled his soft and discoloured old hat down over his brows with a significantly hostile nod, and, turning, stumped towards the hall door without offering to shake hands.

The other trustee had risen likewise, in tacit recognition that the meeting was over. Winch clasped the minister's hand in his own broad hard palm, and squeezed it in an exuberant grip. "Don't mind his little ways, Brother Ware," he urged in a loud, unctuous whisper, with a grinning backward nod; "he's a trifle skittish sometimes when you don't give him free rein; but he's all wool an' a yard wide when it comes to right-down hard-pan religion. My love to Sister Ware." And he followed the senior trustee into the hall.

This is not very promising; yet in a few chapters the book grows extremely interesting. The revolution that takes place in the minister's character, thanks to an unorthodox Catholic priest, an infidel doctor, and a young lady of great beauty, who worships art, is a little short of miraculous. It is entitled by our author "Illumination," but it is very far from enlightenment. Ware throws off all trammels in the way of convention and belief, but without receiving anything in exchange, except an exaggerated sense of his own intelligence, which causes him to despise his true-hearted and devoted wife. The artistic young woman becomes the object of his adoration, and when this grows to be embarrassing she tells him very distinctly that both she and his intellectual friends are sick of him. "We liked you at first because you were unsophisticated and delightfully fresh and natural. Instead of remaining so we found you inflating yourself with all sorts of egotisms and vanities. You thought it would impress us to hear you ridiculing the people of your own church, whose money supports you. You talked to us slightly about your wife. What you took to be improvement was degeneration. We find you are a bore." Never was reproof better deserved, and considering it was administered by the lady he wanted to run away with, one may imagine it was "a facer." Striking, however, as is this young person, she pales before Sister Soulsby: she and her husband are "debt raisers," people whose mission it is to hold a sort of revival service for sects in pecuniary difficulties. The little autobiography she sketches, in confidence, for the Rev. Theron Ware is most delightful, for she is a creation of which Dickens might be proud.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW GALLERY.

(See Supplement.)

The New Gallery this year has the start of its older rival by an entire week, and the interval will doubtless be gladly welcomed by those who would avoid a surfeit of modern art. At a later time there will be an opportunity of speaking in detail of the pictures upon which the New Gallery rests its claims to a special place among the exhibitions of the year. It has always recognised the merits of the younger men, and given them a better chance of challenging public attention than the overcrowded walls of Burlington House could offer. This year there is fair ground for believing that the familiar features of previous exhibitions will not be wanting, as Sir E. Burne-Jones will continue to send his best work where he knows it will be most appreciated. Mr. Watts, Mr. Alma-Tadema, Mr. W. B. Richmond, and Mr. Sargent will also show that the more prominent Academicians continue to look upon the New Gallery as rendering services to contemporary art which should not pass without recognition or support.

It is, however, chiefly to the work of the younger men that the public turn, and note with satisfaction that outside the Academic pale there are a number of artists who, trained elsewhere than in the Academy schools or inspired by other aims and ideals than those cultivated at Burlington House, are helping forward British art, and are giving expression to higher and more imaginative work. In landscape painting this tendency has been strongly marked, and one has only to name such artists as Mr. William Padgett, Mr. Arthur Lemon, Mr. Edgar Barclay, and Mr. Arthur Ryle to indicate some of the wholly different styles in which poetic feeling is infused into painting. Amongst the figure-painters Mrs. H. M. Stanley (Miss Dorothy Tennant), Mrs. Stillman, Mr. Haris Brown, Mr. C. E. Hallé, and Mr. Philip Burne-Jones have, in their respective ways, identified themselves with the New Gallery; whilst the English followers of Signor Costa; the Scottish group, which centres round Mr. Guthrie; and the section of the Newlyn school which follows Mr. Brangwyn, have always found hospitality and appreciation since Mr. Comyns Carr's discriminating taste has guided the fortunes of this annual exhibition.

THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CUP FINAL.

The last great event of the present football season was the concluding match for the Association Challenge Cup, which was contested between the Sheffield Wednesday team and that of the Wolverhampton Wanderers on Saturday afternoon at the sports ground of the Crystal Palace. It was witnessed by many thousands of spectators, not only from London, but from Yorkshire and the Midland Counties, arriving by special trains. The players for Sheffield were: Massey, goal; Earp and Langley, backs; H. Brandon, Crawshaw, and Petrie, half-backs; Brash and Brady, right wing; Bell, centre; Davis and Spikesley, left wing, forwards—wearing blue and white shirts. The Wolverhampton Wanderers were: Tennant, goal; Baugh and Dunn; Griffiths, Malpass, and Owen; Tonks, Henderson, Beats, Wood, and Black; their colours were black and gold. The Sheffield men had come up to London a day or two before, and rested; the Wanderers had travelled from Wolverhampton the same morning, and were, perhaps, not so fresh. Play began at four o'clock, Lieutenant Simpson, honorary secretary to the London Football Association, being the referee, with Messrs. A. G. Hines, of Nottingham, and J. Howcroft, of Redcar, as linesmen. After an exciting game, the Sheffield men, though somewhat lighter than their opponents, were victorious by two goals to one. The President of the Association, Lord Kinnaird, presented the cup and medals to the winning team.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

The movements of Egyptian or Soudanese troops up the Nile from Assouan to Wady Halfa, and the views at Korosko and other places already described, with which our Special Artist has been occupied, require no further comment. The stations beyond Wady Halfa, from Sarra to Akasheh, are now well garrisoned, and there is no immediate expectation of an early conflict with the Dervishes in that direction, though it is reported that their forces are gathering at Souarda. It is on the eastern side of the Soudan, in the vicinity of Souakin, on the Red Sea coast, that fighting has already commenced. Lieutenant-Colonel G. E. Lloyd, of the South Staffordshire Regiment, commanding a force which consists of the 8th Squadron of Egyptian Cavalry, two mountain guns, a company of the Camel Corps, parts of the 1st Battalion and 5th Battalion of Egyptian Infantry, and the 9th and 10th Soudanese battalions, under Major H. M. Sidney, Captain M. C. Fenwick, and Captain C. Ferguson, of the Grenadier Guards, has marched from Souakin and from Tokar, joined by a friendly Arab Sheikh named Omar Tita, into the Knor Wintri Pass. Captain Fenwick's small detachment of cavalry, while reconnoitring on April 15,

was attacked by a hostile force greatly superior in numbers; but, ascending a hillock, withstood four attempts to storm the position, and, by firing volleys frequently, held its ground during the whole night. The main column of troops was at the Terai Wells, and has advanced to Harasab, seeking to bring about a general engagement. If Osman Digna's forces can be driven out there, simultaneously with the advance up the Nile, the gain to Egypt will amount to restoring all her Nubian dominion, with Berber as well as Dongola. All the Bishareen and other native tribes around Abu Hamid, and along the caravan route from Korosko, are disposed to rejoice in this prospect of their deliverance from the Mahdist tyranny, and their Sheikhs have promised to aid the future operations of the British and Egyptian forces.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR F. CARRINGTON.

The newly appointed commander of the forces in Matabili-land, Sir Frederick Carrington, is well known in South Africa for his various distinguished services there during twenty years past; and the troop which he formed in 1877, called "Carrington's Horse," still bears his name, though he has recently been absent from that country, holding command of the Infantry Brigade at Gibraltar. He was



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK CARRINGTON, K.C.M.G.,
NEW COMMANDER OF THE FORCES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

born in August 1844, son of a Gloucestershire country gentleman, and entered the Army in 1864, in the 24th Regiment, South Wales Borderers, to which he became Instructor of Musketry. In 1875 he was in South Africa, organising and commanding a corps of mounted infantry for the Diamond Fields; he afterwards performed notable services in the Kaffir War of 1877, in the Transkei region; again in the campaign against Sekukuni, in the Transvaal, in 1879; also in the Basuto campaign of 1881, and in Sir Charles Warren's Bechuanaland Expedition of 1884 and 1885. He attained the rank of Colonel in 1884, and that of Major-General in 1893, with the appointment of military adviser to the Governor of the Cape Colony, but last year was recalled to Europe.

PRIMROSE DAY AT WESTMINSTER.

The celebration on Sunday of the anniversary which members of the Primrose League deem suitable for a gentle demonstration of Conservative political sentiment, as well as of regard for the interesting personality of the late Lord Beaconsfield, was observed with the customary floral rites and tributes, especially displayed around the pedestal of his statue outside Westminster Abbey. At Hughenden Manor, his country house, and at his tomb in the churchyard there, some pilgrims of this memorial vocation assembled. Other places associated with some incidents of his life—the houses in London where he resided at different periods, and his reputed birthplace, which has been a matter of doubt and discussion—were spoken of, though not formally visited, upon

the same occasion. It now appears to be the most probable opinion that Benjamin Disraeli was born, not in the house at the corner of Bloomsbury Square, or in the house in the Adelphi, where some years of his childhood were passed, but in a house situated in Theobald's Road, overlooking Gray's Inn Gardens, which was certainly occupied by his father, Mr. Isaac Disraeli, at that date.

THE OLYMPIC FESTIVAL AT ATHENS.

BY J. GENNADIUS.

In spite of recent reverses and disappointments, Greece has scored a genuine triumph—unexpected, but fairly won. The first quadrennial meeting of the International Olympic Association, held in the violet-crowned city, the capital of the classic home of athleticism, has earned for the Greeks golden opinions, both for their welcome, their hearty hospitality, and the sportsmanlike acclamation accorded to foreign competitors and victors, as well as for their own very creditable achievements in the contests. This is all the more remarkable as up to a couple of years ago there was hardly a trace of inclination for athletic exercises among those who could lay claim to the heritage of the most unrivalled record of athletic feats the world has ever known. But there is some virtue in good blood, after all; and never has its enduring worth been more brilliantly demonstrated than when the young Greek peasant, Sotirios Louès, amid the indescribable transports of enthusiasm of assembled thousands, reached the goal, in the restored Stadion of Athens, a victor in the long race from Marathon. The second and also the third in the race were Greeks, leaving in the rear their Hungarian, American, and Australian competitors.

Who that has read in his schooldays the touching tale of Thersippos dropping dead as he reached Athens after a run from the field of Marathon with the short but electrifying message, "Victory, rejoice!"—who can wonder that the Greeks had set their hearts upon winning this one race—a sacred memorial of an unequalled past, a pious tribute to memories that sustained them through centuries of distress and stirred to deeds of valour every other race of civilised men?

In that valiant class of hardy peasants, from which Greece has at all times recruited her best soldiers, she found again the man who now brought her victorious to the fore. Six months ago Sotirios, having served his time in the ranks, returned to his plough. He was known to be a good runner; and without fuss or bustle he entered himself as a competitor. On the morning of the race, when he left his cottage at Amarousi, his father said to him, "Sotiri, you must only return a victor." And at the start, from the tumult which enshrines the immortal dead of Marathon, an old rustic cheered his countrymen with the greeting usual with the Greeks at Eastertide—"Brothers, Christ is risen! 'tis time we, too, resuscitate; prove yourselves to be true Hellenes." For even the peasants, patriotic and intelligent to a fault, knew of the importance attached to the event, and were stirred to their very souls to uphold the honour of old Hellas.

Old Louès was already in the Stadion, with his three daughters, waiting for his son; he knew he would win. But no one knew who they were, and it was with difficulty they succeeded in pushing their way through the surging crowd that now deified the young man. Fair ladies showered flowers upon him, and some gave him their rings, and others their watches, and an American dame her jewelled smelling-bottle. The Princes embraced him, and the King himself saluted him in military fashion. But the truly noble young peasant did not lose his head. He was looking around for his father, and cried to him as

he approached with outstretched arms to embrace his boy, "You see, father, I have obeyed." Happier than Diogenes, the old man lives to enjoy the triumph of his son. There is hope for Greece with such a peasantry—the healthiest class in the land.

Our Illustration shows the ancient Stadion, as restored for the new Olympic festivals by the munificence of George Averoff, a rich Greek merchant at Alexandria, and one of those sturdy Epirotes to whose patriotic liberality modern Athens owes the finest of her public institutions. As Sotirios repeated, after 2386 years, the feat of Thersippos, so Averoff emulates in public spirit Herodes Atticus, of whom it was said that "of all mankind he had made the best use of his wealth." Herodes had rebuilt entirely of marble the Panathenaic Stadion, which was spoken of as "a work surpassing all marvels."

Similar, we are assured, is the impression it has left upon all those who have seen it again resuscitated, Phoenix-like, literally from its own ashes. For during the truly so-called Dark Ages, its sixty rows of marble thrones and benches, on which sixty thousand Athenians found ample accommodation, were gradually burnt into lime! It is an auspicious circumstance that the Stadion, again resplendent with scintillating Pentelic marble, has resounded with acclamations in every European tongue in honour of a Greek victory. And Louès, with the ready adaptability characteristic of his race, has made use of the telegraph in announcing his success in true classic style to the restorer of the scene of secular triumphs: Νενίκηκα Μαραθώνιον, τὸ δὲ κλίος σὸν.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. E. S. Willard between them have brought back Balzac to the stage. For although the hero of "The Rogue's Comedy" incidentally reminds one of a dozen familiar characters in fiction, comedy, and melodrama, heroes ranging from Micawber and Jingle to Robert Macaire, still it is Mercadet, the hero of Balzac's immortal romance—dramatised for the French stage by d'Ennery, and produced at the old Gymnase Theatre in Paris on Aug. 24, 1851—who comes to the front in the new play. We have seen two famous Mercadets in this country. Charles Mathews was one, who played Sir Affable Hawk in "A Game of Speculation" at the Lyceum and elsewhere, a version of the dramatised Balzac story by Slingsby Lawrence (George Henry Lewes); and Got, the famous French actor, played the original Mercadet, dramatised by d'Ennery from Balzac, at the Opéra Comique in 1871, and the Princess's in June 1874. Almost the last conversation I had with my old friend Charles Mathews was on the subject of this very play. I had been writing about Got's performance of Mercadet, and I insisted that Lewes had lightened the part in order

Mathews as Mercadet, and prefers Mathews. I have seen both also, and now that a third Mercadet has come into the field I prefer Willard. It was in this play of "The Game of Speculation," when Mathews was acting, that an elderly gentleman in the theatre was said to have observed, "And to think of such a man being in difficulties! There ought to be a public subscription got up to pay his debts."

Mr. Willard's performance is an exceptionally fine one, and gives us just the subtle and pathetic note that contrasts so well with the man's Napoleonic audacity and defiance of fate. His smile, the beautiful smile of the old Professor, is irresistible, and I do not want to see a better acted scene than the one with the doggedly patient wife in the second act. This character of the wife is a very beautiful one, and extremely difficult to act. Its poetry is in suppression and resignation. Miss Olliffe looks the part to perfection. Her face is eloquent with a deeply buried grief, and with a little more expression she will play it as well as she looks it. Lady Monckton, Mr. Lovell, and Mr. Sydney Brough are all seen to great advantage; and unless the subject is found too sad, the play is likely to be one of the successes of the season. It is worth going a long way to see Mr. Willard in "The Rogue's Comedy."

not seek to sanctify, by a copious aspersions of religious phraseology, a crude and meretricious spectacle, making a brazen appeal to every inartistic instinct in the vulgar breast. It is not a compound of the tract and the penny dreadful. There is nothing either sexual or sanctimonious in "The Sin of St. Hulda." He has not offered a 'spicy' concoction of cruelty and impropriety to the class which, having no palate for the wine of art, conceives the theatre as a sort of flaunting grog-shop, where the vitriol of physical sensation is always on tap. He has not thrilled the stage-struck cleric with that sense of sanctified wickedness which stimulates eloquence and begets the puff ecclesiastic. He has made no attempt to combine the pose of Crummles with the shuffle of Chadband. In a word, he has not written a 'religious drama.'

If this is not "protesting too much," I should very much like to know to what limit the art of protest can be taken. It fairly takes one's breath away. "Illiterate, brutal, sensual, cruel, improper, flaunting grog-shop, sanctified wickedness, Crummles, Chadband and Co.!" Was ever an indictment more severe passed on a play that has already delighted thousands in all parts of the world? *Cui bono?* Is any sensible man or woman ever led to study and to delight in what are called "frankly Pagan plays?"

Mr. Bailey Prothero (Mr. Willard). Miss Jenison (Miss Olliffe).



THE NEW PLAY AT THE GARRICK THEATRE: "THE ROGUE'S COMEDY," BY HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

"Here's the toast: 'The rowdy-dowdy, rollicking past!'"

to suit the mercurial style of Charles Mathews. I strongly maintained that there was a serious element in Mercadet—a tragedy of despair that George Henry Lewes had missed. Charles Mathews would have none of it. He had seen both Bouffé and Got as Mercadet, and he ridiculed the idea of tragedy in the matter. There was a very good reason for this, because, to tell the truth, there was no serious stop in the composition of Mathews. He could not touch or suggest the pathetic accent in any play in which he appeared. One of the first comedians of our time, he was out of it altogether in serious parts. I never shall forget him in "Black Sheep," in which he played a villain. In this play his gifted wife was superb. But I remained obstinate in my conviction that there was another Mercadet yet to be seen. Mr. Willard has proved that I was right. I never saw Bouffé, but I have seen both Got in "Mercadet," and Charles Mathews in "A Game of Speculation," and I have no hesitation in saying that E. S. Willard is infinitely finer in exactly the same kind of character in "The Rogue's Comedy." If anyone doubts the Mercadet suggestion in the new and admirable play, let him read these lines written by George Henry Lewes on the subject of the Affable Hawk of Charles Mathews: "It is needless to speak of his performance in 'The Game of Speculation,' the artistic merit of which was so great that it almost became an offence against morality by investing a swindler with irresistible charms, and making the very audacity of deceit a source of pleasurable sympathy."

Now this criticism hits off Mr. Willard's performance to a nicety. Lewes tells us that he saw both Got and

Mr. Wilson Barrett has written a religious drama on the subject of the Pagans and the Early Christians at the very birth of Christianity. Mr. Stuart Ogilvie has written an earnest play on the subject of the fight between the Lutherans and the Catholics in the early days of the Reformation. Both are interesting plays; both please the people for whom they are written. But it is thought by those who take an active part in the stage and dramatic art a fitting occasion to deal out a goodly dose of Billingsgate at the expense of the author of "The Sign of the Cross," who happens to have made a success where absolute failure was predicted and promised. Mr. Stuart Ogilvie having written "The Sin of St. Hulda," which, as all the world knows, is as much a religious drama as "The Sign of the Cross" or "Michael and His Lost Angel," we are told in the most astounding sentences I have ever read what he has not done, and why "The Sin of St. Hulda," a mixture of Lutheranism and Salvation Army hysteria, is not a religious drama at all. Listen, then, to the curse that has fallen on the head of the wretched Claudian, who has dared to stray into the catacombs when the earliest Christian martyrs were persecuted, who has pretended to interest us in the winning over of an obstinate Pagan to Christianity, and who, amidst many other beautiful ideas, has given to the stage the nervous Roman lad who conquers his fright of death, and with the cross pressed against his lips, shows that he is not afraid to die a martyr's death: "The Sin of St. Hulda" is not a religious drama at all, in the accepted senses of the term. It is neither pretentious nor illiterate nor brutal. It does

by such onslaughts on the plays that are as "frankly Christian"? If this be the result of the cult of the religious drama at so early a stage, surely we have already had enough of it, and may well desire to banish it for ever. No one can desire to turn the playhouse into a debating club for a St. Augustine or a Stiggins, for a Luther or an Ignatius, for a Voltaire or a Savonarola, for a Charles Kingsley or a Newman; but it is as well to know that the abuse of the religious drama comes from those who may or may not be Christians, but are lacking in the first principles of Christianity.

A grim little play at the Royalty has brought to the front quite unexpectedly a young tragic actress. Charm, facility, earnestness, and marked intelligence always characterised the work of Miss Violet Vanbrugh, but until she enacted the executioner's daughter no one could have believed she possessed so much power. A social outcast, on account of her father's hideous trade, this lovely red-haired maiden finds a man to love her and to take her away from the shambles; but when he discovers who she is, he also rejects her, whereupon she stabs the coward to the heart. Some unnecessary fuss has been made because this happens to be a tragedy in modern dress. Some sensitive people object to Jacinta's blood-stained knife, but they pass Lady Macbeth's dagger and the gruesome scene in "La Tosca." At any rate, the appearance of Miss Violet Vanbrugh as Charlotte Corday in Herman Merivale's dramatic version of the story will be anticipated with great interest.



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: ARTISTS AND CORRESPONDENTS BUYING CAMELS AND DONKEYS.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CHALLENGE CUP FINAL TIE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: THE KICK OFF.

From a Photograph by Negretti and Zambra.

PERSONAL.

The death of Baron Hirsch makes a gap in the ranks of great European financiers. The Baron belonged to one of those Jewish firms which are supposed to have more to do than sovereigns and statesmen with the secret politics of the Continent. His name was famous in a way even more honourable to his race. He conceived a great scheme for transporting Jewish refugees from Russia to the Argentine Republic. Land was bought in Argentina, and a considerable colony established; but it is too soon to judge the practical outcome of the idea. Baron Hirsch was in the habit of entertaining shooting parties on his estate in Austria, and some amusing stories are told of the thrift which distinguished certain features of his hospitality.



Photo Mayall and Co.
THE LATE BARON HIRSCH.

The German Imperial Chancellor has been placed in an awkward position by the debates on duelling in the Reichstag. It was announced on Prince Hohenlohe's behalf that he recognised the gravity of the situation but had not yet made up his mind how to deal with it. This savours of an almost pathetic helplessness. German duellists, though technically outlaws, are treated with the utmost consideration by their sovereign. A military caste virtually overrides the civil tribunals. The Chancellor may well feel embarrassed by such a conflict between the law and the obligations of military "honour."

The Marquis of Bath, who has died at the age of sixty-five, rarely took any prominent part in political affairs, though he appreciated very keenly the responsibilities of a county magnate. He was Lord Lieutenant of the county of Wilts in 1889, Honorary Colonel of the Wilts Yeomanry, and J.P. for Wilts and Somerset. In 1877 Lord Bath was conspicuous by his opposition to Lord Beaconsfield's Eastern policy, for though a staunch Conservative, he consistently held aloof from party organisation. His political views towards the close of his life were extremely pessimistic, and he saw little but trouble ahead for the Empire. Lord Bath made no pretension to authorship; but he published an interesting little book about Bulgaria after his tour in the Balkans with Dr. Sandwith. He was a Trustee of the British Museum.

Dr. W. W. Hunter is about to retire from the representation of North Aberdeen after a long struggle with failing health. Another Parliamentary vacancy is created at Frome by the death of Lord Bath, who is succeeded in the title by Viscount Weymouth. At the General Election Lord Weymouth captured the Frome division from the Liberals, who will be championed in the coming contest by their former member, Mr. J. Barlow.

The authorities of St. Thomas's Hospital are making strenuous efforts to raise the sum of £100,000, which is needed for the reopening and maintenance of several wards which lack of funds has kept closed for some years. On behalf of this scheme a grand morning concert has been arranged for Saturday, May 2, at the Queen's Hall, under the auspices of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society. The list of patrons is a most distinguished one, and the programme includes the names of such eminent artists as Miss Esther Palliser, Mr. Andrew Black, Mdlle. Irma Sethe, and M. Sapellnikoff. Tickets may be obtained at the usual agencies, or from the treasurer, St. Thomas's Hospital, Albert Embankment, S.W.

M. Léon Say was best known to Englishmen as a Free Trader, as a friend of this country, and as a staunch advocate of the Channel Tunnel. M. Say made his name in French politics by his consistent opposition to the Second Empire, and by the great ability he displayed when, in his capacity as Minister of Finance, he organised the indemnity which France had to pay to the victorious Germans. He filled several important public posts with the highest credit, especially that of Ambassador to England. M. Say was one of the greatest economists of his time, a brilliant administrator, a most persuasive writer, and a man whose breadth of mind ought to be envied by some of the younger statesmen of the Republic.

It really looks as if Hyde Park would soon be abreast of the times. A refreshment kiosk is contemplated; and people are now talking of shelters, both for equestrians and cyclists. It may dawn upon the official mind that to leave riders exposed to sudden showers is not exactly a suitable provision for the public comfort. Eventually we may see neat little restaurants in the Park. Emboldened by their growing privileges, the cyclists are now demanding the exclusion of carriages from their track in the morning. As this particular roadway is thronged with bicycles, there seems no reason why the carriages should not take another route. Such is the progress of ideas in London.

There has been an agreeable interchange of courtesies between Mr. William Archer and Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who

is about to produce "Henry IV." for matinée performances at the Haymarket. Mr. Archer has suggested that Mr. Tree may represent the play as Shakspeare wrote it with some slight excisions, and Mr. Tree, while acknowledging the propriety of some of the excisions, and showing himself even more Shaksperian than Mr. Archer with regard to others, gently hints that, after all, the exigencies of the modern stage will not permit him to go as far as Mr. Archer in his devotion to this particular drama.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria has paid a friendly visit to St. Petersburg, but it is questioned whether he will receive an invitation to the Czar's coronation at Moscow. In Russian official circles it seems to be thought that Prince Ferdinand is still on probation of good behaviour, and that to invite him to the coronation would be a hasty recognition of his position as an independent sovereign. Oddly enough, the "conversion" of Prince Boris does not appear to have entirely melted the Muscovite heart.

Lord Charles Beresford is more than ever a thorn in the side of the Admiralty. He has been protesting against the policy of successive Governments in building ships without finding the men to man them. Lord Charles does not think we have enough ships even now; but he holds that the entire Navy is lamentably undermanned. One of his suggestions is that every ship in commission should take a periodical cruise round the coasts of the United Kingdom, so that the men might have a little useful training.

The merits of the late Dr. William Sharp, of Rugby, not only as a medical practitioner of large usefulness at Bradford, and well known in Yorkshire, but also in his studies to attain a scientific basis for the healing art, and his efforts to promote the learning of natural science, especially by the aid of museums, have long been recognised. He had lived past his ninetieth year, having been



THE LATE DR. WILLIAM SHARP, M.D.

born on Jan. 21, 1805, at Armley, Leeds. After being educated at Wakefield Grammar School and Westminster School, he became a pupil of his uncle, another William Sharp, surgeon at Bradford, whom he succeeded in 1833, having completed a wide course of professional instruction in London and Paris, under the most eminent surgeons, physicians, and chemists of that period. His "Essays on Medicine" contain valuable suggestions, which are finding their way into practice.

A military funeral at Edinburgh, in which twelve sergeants of the Royal Scots Guards, preceded by officers and soldiers of that regiment, with the pipers, bore the coffin of the late Colonel George W. Thompson, is worthy of note. This took place on April 7, and showed the feeling of attachment to the regiment which is characteristic of the British Army; for Colonel Thompson had been connected with the Scots Guards over forty years, having joined in 1855, and served at that time in the Crimea. From 1858 to 1860 he was with the Canton Police Force in China, and was present at the action of Shekstin in 1859; he went through the North China campaign of the following year, including the capture of Sinbo and Tangku, the occupation of Tientsin, and the surrender of Peking, where he was orderly officer to Brigadier Urquhart, and received the medal with two clasps for his services in that campaign. He was military secretary and aide-de-camp to Major-General Sir Philip Grey and Major-General Brunner, in China, from 1864 to 1869. In 1888 he commanded the 1st battalion of his own regiment in South Africa, in the operations needful for the final settlement of the Zulu territory.



Photo G. Shaw, Edinburgh.

THE LATE COLONEL G. W. THOMPSON.

Not content with offering to the public a wealth of music in printed form, the new magazine, *Melody*, is to give its name to certain concerts organised by the enterprise of its proprietors. The first *Melody* concert will take place at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, May 2. The attractiveness of the programme for this occasion may be estimated from the fact that it includes such distinguished performers as Miss Esther Palliser, Mdlle. Landi, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. David Bispham, and M. Johannes Wolff, solo violin. There will be an orchestra of fifty performers, and the conductors will be MM. Gabriel Pierné and Gabriel Fauré.

Much regret is felt by many personal friends, as well as by those interested, either professionally or among the public audiences, in the London theatrical world, at the death of Mr. Arthur Cecil Blunt, most widely known without the final surname, as the "Arthur Cecil" of the stage. He has not long survived the eminently popular, clever, and agreeable chief members of the delightful German Reed Entertainment, with which he was associated in his earlier performances; but his more conspicuous achievement was in the joint management, with Mr. John Clayton, of the Court Theatre, where many of Mr. Pinero's plays were produced with great success. Mr. Arthur Cecil Blunt was only a year over fifty, and might have continued to give pleasure to playgoers for a good while if his life had been spared.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. ARTHUR CECIL.

The first night of Mr. Jones's play at the Garrick Theatre may have inaugurated a new departure for the playgoing public. Mr. Jones was vociferously called to appear before the curtain; but with recollections of a certain unpleasant reception at the Lyceum, he declined the honour. It may be hoped that we have here the death-blow to the custom of an author's appearance on first nights. The stage is no place for a dramatic author, only for his work.

The Lamoureux Concerts are over, and the great orchestra, satisfied, as we hear, with the enthusiasm with which London greeted it, has returned to its native shores. The last two concerts, one on Thursday, April 16, the other on Saturday, April 18, were not quite so interesting as the first, from the programme point of view; but the playing of the band was never for one moment relaxed in excellence. Its rendering of Berlioz on both occasions—the "Pilgrims' March" from "Harold," the Hungarian March from "Faust," and a selection from the "Romeo" Symphony—was nothing less than superb. A few novelties were introduced, none of particular consequence. M. Lamoureux, we understand, proposes to revisit these haunts in the autumn.

There have been few novelties at Drury Lane during the past week. On Monday, April 20, however, Mr. Emil Bach's opera, "The Lady of Longford," was produced, with Mdlle. Pauline Joran as the heroine, Mr. Bevan as the Roundhead Colonel, Mr. Bispham as the Earl of Longford, and Miss Valli-Valli as Muriel. The players really played their best; but when all was over, it was impossible not to feel a sense of relief. A very fine performance of "Lohengrin" was given on the following night, with Mr. Hedmond as Lohengrin and Mr. Bispham as Telramund. Mr. Bispham was particularly good, his acting and singing being alike full of strength and sincerity. Miss Fanny Moody was an excellent Elsa, and Mr. Bevan a virile King; Miss Meisslinger, too, was an effective Ortrud. The band, under Signor Mancinelli, was in splendid form.

Cambridge oarsmen, while still bearing their recent defeat on the Thames with a manful resolve to win many future races in the annual contest between themselves and Oxford, have learnt with sadness the death of one of the most notable heroes in that kind of prowess who contributed to the victories of their University in former years. This was Mr. John Haviland Dashwood Goldie, who rowed stroke in the winning Cambridge eight three years successively, in 1870, 1871, and 1872, following an unbroken series of defeats for the nine or ten preceding years; an example which ought to keep the present defenders of University honours in good heart and hope, that they may sooner or later regain the foremost position. Mr. Goldie's funeral, at Richmond, was attended by a large number of friends.



Photo Dickinson and Foster.

THE LATE MR. J. H. D. GOLDIE.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen and Princess Beatrice leave Nice on April 29, on their return to England. The Empress Frederick, who arrived at Villafranca in H.M.S. *Surprise* on the 18th, visited the Queen on Sunday. Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein and Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg have left the royal family for Paris and London; the Duchess of Albany has left Cannes for home. Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein remain with her Majesty.

The Prince of Wales, who had been at Sandringham with his family, came to London on Monday, accompanied by the Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud. In the evening at Marlborough House the Princesses

with rifles and already practised in their use. The town is defended by scarcely one thousand European combatants, under the direction of Mr. A. H. F. Duncan and Captain Nicholson, with other officers of the British South Africa Company and the Bechuanaland Police, aided by volunteers experienced in former campaigns, who sally forth wherever an opening is left on the neighbouring roads. Three hundred occupy fortified positions in the Mangwe Pass, to the south of Buluwayo, on the road from Tati and from Bechuanaland. The main road east from Buluwayo, by Gwelo, to Fort Salisbury, in Mashonaland, has been kept open by repeated conflicts, in which several detached bands of police and volunteers are engaged. On Sunday last Captain Napier and Captain Macfarlane encountered some hundreds of the enemy at places three or four miles out of

PARLIAMENT.

The Budget and the Agricultural Rating Bill are likely to employ so much of the Parliamentary time that the Education Bill and the Irish Land Bill can scarcely make rapid progress before Whitsuntide. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's financial statement won golden opinions by its lucidity and grip. He had no very complicated proposals to make. The remarkable growth of the revenue was fairly matched by the increase of the national expenditure. Our revenue runs over a hundred millions, but it seems impossible to govern the country for less than that amount. So, in spite of a very large surplus, the income tax remains at eightpence, and there be economists who say it will never fall below that figure. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has to provide for increased naval expenditure, for the increased grants under the Education Bill, and for Mr. Chaplin's subsidy to the agricultural interest by the relief of local rates. This last item alone is more than a million, and it represents the one solid boon the Government are in a position to bestow upon the taxpayer. There is some slight adjustment of the death duties, but Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has not in any way departed in this respect from the financial principles of his predecessor. Mr. Chaplin explained the provisions of the Agricultural Rating Bill, which proposes, briefly, to relieve the burden of rural rates to the extent of one half. The justification for this policy is the necessity of easing the straits to which the agricultural interest has been reduced for some years past. Sir Henry Fowler intimated that the Bill would be opposed tooth and nail by his party on the ground that it was a landlord relief Bill, and offered no manner of advantage to the farmers, who are the worst sufferers from agricultural depression. A similar view was taken by Mr. Whiteley, Conservative member for Stockport, who insisted that the Government were sacrificing to the country gentleman the interests of the towns. This opinion did not appear to find any substantial support in the ranks of the Ministerialists. Sir William Harcourt denounced the Bill as "class legislation," and the Opposition generally were comforted by the opportunity of raising this familiar cry. They will not raise it to much practical purpose, though a Bill of this kind naturally offers facilities for a good deal of vague declamation. Sir Henry Fowler argued that the Government ought to have undertaken the reform of the whole system of local rating; but this is obviously one of those propositions which are so dear to the party out of office when their opponents offer an instalment of reform.

THE SNAEFELL MOUNTAIN RAILWAY.

The Isle of Man, at certain lofty places, commands distant views of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. It has already, not waiting for the example of Snowdon, provided a railway to the summit of Snaefell, which is 2034 ft. above the sea. The Snaefell line is certainly quite safe, with no frightful precipices on either side, and is worked by electricity, instead of a steam locomotive. It is $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, from Laxey, on the east coast of the island, passing up the beautiful Laxey Glen to the Snaefell Hotel, near the Lead Mines; the ascent of the mountain, beginning there, is at a gradient of one in twelve. The rails are laid with a gauge of 3 ft. 6 in., and with a centre rail held by the brakes of the engine, which is furnished with four electric motors, each of 25-horse power, receiving their force from the collecting bars above, in contact with the overhead electric wire. The engines, of 90-horse power nominal, and 120-horse power indicated, as well as the five dynamos which generate the electric force at the engine-

THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY UP SNAEFELL, ISLE OF MAN.

enjoyed listening, by the electrophone, to selections from performances going on at the opera at Drury Lane Theatre and at some other places. The Prince of Wales attended Newmarket races last week, and Epsom on Wednesday.

Lord Salisbury has left the Riviera, and arrived in London on Tuesday evening.

The Duke and Duchess of York, on behalf of the Queen, attended the wedding at Coburg on Monday of their cousin, Princess Alexandra of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, to the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. The German Emperor William II., also cousin to the bride, was present, with the Empress, and the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, the Grand Duchess of Hesse, Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (our Duke of Edinburgh), the bride's father, with the Duchess, and others of the family, and Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg, Imperial Statthalter of Alsace and Lorraine, father of the bridegroom. The civil marriage was performed in the Audience-room of the Ehrenburg by Herr von Strenge, Minister of State; there was a procession to the Schlosskirche, where the clergy, the Rev. Superintendents-General Dr. von Müller and Bahnsen, and the Rev. Dr. Hansen, Court chaplain, performed the religious service. The Duke and Duchess of York have gone to Copenhagen to attend another royal wedding on May 5, that of Princess Louise of Denmark to Prince Frederick of Schaumburg-Lippe.

The Russian Imperial Court is just now chiefly occupied with preparing for the coronation of the Czar Nicholas II. at Moscow. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria has been graciously received at St. Petersburg, has received visits from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and from the French, British, German, and Italian Embassies, and has placed wreaths on the tombs of the Emperors Alexander II. and Alexander III. It is said that he obtained from the Sultan, at Constantinople, some promise of reforms in Macedonia, and concessions with regard to the position of the Bulgarian Church in the Turkish Empire, but that the latter proposals are not agreeable to the Bulgarian clergy.

There is another change of Government in France. While M. Faure, the President of the French Republic, has been making a tour of inspection of the eastern frontier forts and military garrisons, the Ministry of M. Bourgeois has been driven to resign office by hostile votes in the Senate. It had failed to gain approval of its scheme of progressive income-tax, sixty-two of the Councils of the Departments out of eighty-six having passed resolutions against it.

The international Commission of the Caisse or Sinking Fund of the Egyptian Debt at Cairo has been summoned by the French and Russian Commissioners to answer before the Mixed Tribunal, on April 27, for illegally granting a portion of the reserve fund towards the costs of the Dongola Expedition, with a demand that the money be refunded.

Anxiety for the condition of British and other European colonial adventurers in South Africa has been growing almost painful. The Matabili insurrection in the territory of the Chartered Company—deprived, since the first day of this year, by Dr. Jameson's unauthorised raid into the Transvaal, of the protection of its regular armed police—daily appears in a more perilous aspect. Buluwayo, the capital of that territory, is now closely beleaguered and surrounded on all sides by at least fifteen thousand savage foes, some part of whom are furnished

the town, and dispersed them, killing twenty in one instance and fifty in another. The interior of the town is fortified with barricades, trenches, Maxim gun batteries, and sundry underground deposits of dynamite, connected by electric wires. Mr. C. J. Rhodes, with Sir Charles Metcalfe and fifty or a hundred men, set out from Fort Salisbury on Monday to come to the relief of Buluwayo.

The progress of the Anglo-Egyptian military operations in the Soudan—which have already become far wider than the mere "Advance towards Dongola"—is watched with much interest. Fighting has begun in earnest, not on the banks of the Nile, where some part of the Khalifa's Dervish warrior army is gathering at Souarda and Firket, half-way to Dongola, but in the Eastern Soudan, in the Erkwit



THE SNAEFELL ELECTRIC RAILWAY: CAR IN THE STATION READY FOR THE ASCENT.

This View shows the System of Collecting the Current from the Overhead Wire.

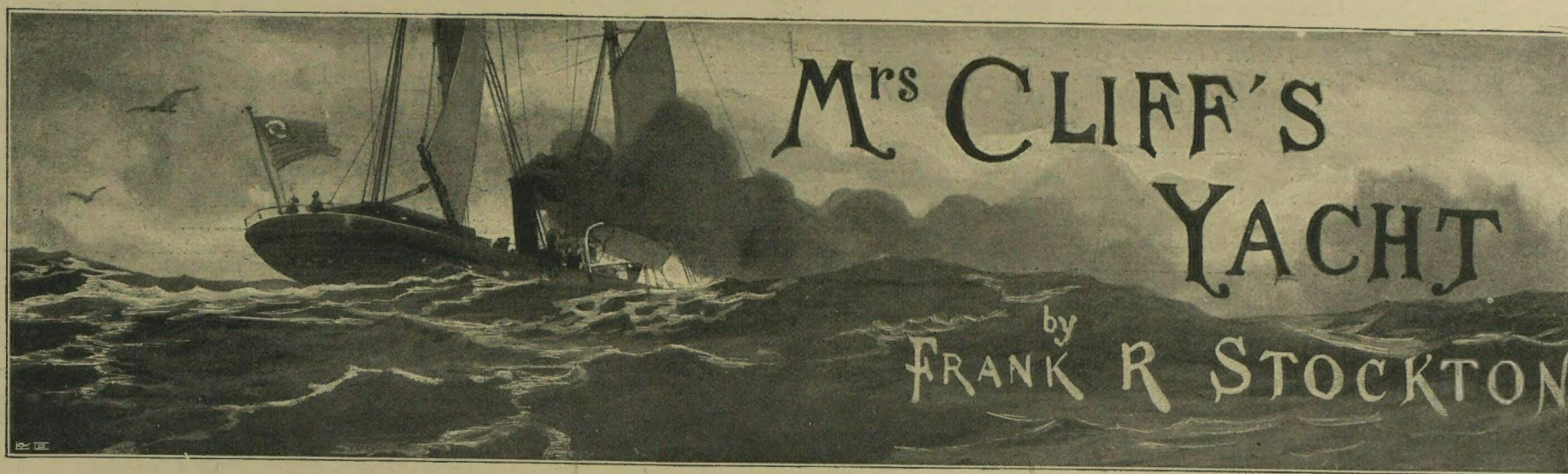
hill region to the south of Souakin, beyond the forts of Sinkat and Tokar, and the old battlefield of Tamanib, where the British commanders, General Valentine Baker, Sir Gerald Graham, and others leading Soudanese troops, repeatedly fought with Osman Digna's host of fierce Dervishes ten or twelve years ago. Osman Digna is again in the field against the Khedive of Egypt and his English allies, and in that rugged highland country, intersected by deep "khors" and "wadies" and ranges of bare rocky hills, it may be difficult to expel such an active foe, as, indeed, past experience has proved.

house about three miles from Laxey, were constructed by Messrs. Mather and Platt, of Manchester. The line was made under the superintendence of Messrs. Fell Brothers, of London, who have had great experience of Swiss Alpine and other mountain railways. The cars, in which fifty passengers can be seated comfortably, were built by Messrs. F. Milnes and Co., of the Light Railway-Carriage Works, Birkenhead. This line, which was completed last year, is in connection with the Douglas and Laxey Electric Railway, which has, during three years past, been very successful.



G. MONTBARD.

THE NUBIAN TRADE ROUTE FROM KOROSKO TO ABU HAMED: HALT OF A CARAVAN OF ARABS AND BISHAREEN.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

VII.

THE "SUMMER SHELTER" GOES TO SEA.

Mr. Burke did not arrive to escort Mrs. Cliff and Willy Croup to the yacht until nearly nine o'clock in the evening. They had sent their baggage to the vessel in the afternoon, and had now been expecting him with great impatience for nearly an hour; but when Mr. Burke arrived it was impossible to find fault with him, for he had been busy, he said, every minute of the day.

He had made up a full crew, he had a good sailing-master, and the first mate who had been on the yacht before: everything that he could think of in the way of provisions and stores was on board, and there was nothing to prevent their getting out of the harbour early in the morning.

When Mrs. Cliff stepped on board her yacht, the *Summer Shelter*, her first thought was directed toward her guests of the synod; and when the mate, Mr. Burdette, had advanced and been introduced to her she asked him if any of the clergymen had yet appeared.

"They're all aboard, Madam," said he; "fourteen of them! They came aboard about seven o'clock, and they stayed in the saloon until about half-past nine, and one of them came to me and said that, as they were very tired, they thought they'd go to bed, thinking most likely, as it was then so late, you wouldn't come aboard until morning. So the steward showed them their state-rooms, and we had to get one more ready than we expected to, and they're now all fast asleep; but I suppose I could rouse some of them up if you want to see them."

Mrs. Cliff turned to Burke with an expression of despair on her face. "What in the world shall I do?" said she. "I wanted to tell them all about it and let them decide, but it would be horrible to make any of them who didn't care to go to get up and dress and go out into this damp night air to look for an hotel."

"Well," said Burke, "all that's going ashore has got to go ashore to-night. We'll sail as soon as it is daylight. If I was you, Mrs. Cliff, I wouldn't bother about them. You invited them to go to the Bahamas, and you're going to take them there, and you're going to send them back the best way you can; and I'm willing to bet a clipper-ship against your yacht that they will be just as well satisfied to come back in a regular steamer as to come back in this. You could offer to send them over to Savannah, and let them come up by rail—they might like that for a change. The way the thing looks to me, Madam, you're proposing to give them a good deal more than you promised."

"Well," said Mrs. Cliff, "one thing is certain—I'm not going to turn any of them out of their warm beds this night. And we might as well go to our rooms, for it must be a good deal after ten."

When Willy Croup beheld her little state-room, she stood at the door and looked in at it with rapture. She had a beautiful chamber in the hotel where they had been staying, elegantly furnished, but there was something about this little bit of a bed-room, with all its nautical conveniences, its hooks and shelves and racks, its dear little window, and its two pretty berths, each just big enough and not a bit too big, which charmed her as no room she had ever seen had charmed her.

"The *Summer Shelter* must have started," Mrs. Cliff thought, before daylight the next morning, for when she was awakened by the motion of the engine it was not light enough to distinguish objects in the room. But she lay quietly in her berth and let her proud thoughts mount high and spread wide. As far as the possession of wealth and the sense of power could elevate the soul of a woman, they now elevated the soul of Mrs. Cliff.

This was her own ship which was going out upon the ocean! This was her engine which was making everything shake and tremble; the great screw which was dashing the water at the stern and forcing the vessel through the waves belonged to her! Everything—the smoke-stacks, the tall masts, the nautical instruments—was her property; the crew and stewards, the engineers, were all in her service. She was going to a beautiful

island of the sunny tropics because she herself had chosen to go there.

And it was with great satisfaction that she thought of the cost of all this. A great deal of money had been paid for that yacht, and it had relieved, as scarcely any other expenditure she would be likely to make could have relieved, the strain upon her mind occasioned by the pressure of her income. Even after the beginning of her Plainton enterprises her money had been getting the better of her. Now she felt that she was getting the better of her money.

By the way the yacht rolled and at the same time pitched and tossed, Mrs. Cliff thought it likely that they

must be out upon the open sea, or, at least, well down the outer bay. She liked the motion, and the feeling that her property, moving according to her will, was riding dominant over the waves of the sea, sent a genial glow through every vein. It was now quite light, and when Mrs. Cliff got up and looked out of her round window she could see, far away to the right, the towering lighthouses of Sandy Hook.

About eight o'clock she dressed and went out on deck. She was proud of her good sailing qualities. As she went up the companion-way, holding firmly to the bright brass rail, she felt no more fear of falling than if she had been one of the crew. When she came out on the upper deck,



Willy Croup, warmly wrapped up, was sitting on a steamer-chair on deck.

she had scarcely time to look about her when a man, who at first sight she took for a stranger, came forward with outstretched hand. But in an instant she saw it was not a stranger; it was Captain Burke—but not as she had ever seen him before. He was dressed in a complete suit of white duck, with gold buttons; and he wore a white cap, trimmed with gold—an attire so different from his high silk hat and the furs, that it was no wonder that at first she did not recognise their wearer.

"Why, Captain Burke," she cried, "I didn't know you!"

"No wonder," said he; "this is a considerable change from my ordinary toggery, but it's the uniform of a

"I don't believe there could be a better captain," said Mrs. Cliff, "and I do hope you won't take cold. And now I want to see the ministers, as soon as they are ready. I think it will be well for me to receive them up here. I am not sure that I remember the names of all of them; but I shall not hesitate to ask them, and then I shall present each one to you: it will be a sort of reception, you know. After that, we can all go on pleasantly, like one family. We will have to have a pretty big table in the saloon, but I suppose we can manage that."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Burke. "And now I'll see the steward, and tell him to let the parsons know that you're ready to receive them."

"The other lady is very sea-sick; I heard her groaning fearfully as I passed her door."

"Oh, I must go down to Willy," said Mrs. Cliff. "And, Captain, you and I will have breakfast together."

As Mrs. Cliff opened the door of Willy Croup's state-room a pale white face in the lower berth was turned towards her, and a weak and trembling voice said to her: "Oh, Sarah, you have come at last! Is there any way of getting me out of this horrible little hole?"

For two days Mrs. Cliff and Captain Burke breakfasted, dined, and supped by themselves. They had head-winds and the sea was very rough, and although the yacht did



As the two vessels approached within hailing distance, Captain Burke went up on the little bridge with a speaking trumpet.

captain of a yacht; you see that is different from what it would be if I commanded a merchant vessel, or a liner, or a man-of-war."

"It looks awfully cool for such weather," said she.

"Yes," said the Captain, "but it's the proper thing, and yachts, you know, generally cruise in warmish weather. However, we're getting south as fast as we can. I tell you, Madam, this yacht is a good one! We've just cast the log, and she's doing better than fourteen knots an hour, and we haven't got full steam on either! It seems funny, Madam, for me to command a steamer, but I'll get used to it in no time. If it was a sailing vessel it wouldn't be anything out of the way, because I've studied navigation and know more about a ship than many a skipper; but a steam-yacht is different. However, I've got men under me who know how to do what I order them to do, and if necessary they're ready to tell me what I ought to order."

About a quarter of an hour after this the steward appeared on the deck, and, approaching Mrs. Cliff and the Captain, touched his hat. "Come to report, Sir," said he, "the ministers are all sea-sick. There ain't none of them wants to get out of their berths, but some of them wants tea."

Mrs. Cliff and the Captain could not help laughing, although she declared that it was not a laughing matter.

"But it isn't surprising," said the Captain; "it's pretty rough, and I suppose they're all thoroughbred landmen. But they'll get over it before long, and when they come on deck it's likely to be pleasanter weather. We're having a considerable blow just now and it will be worse when we get farther out. So I should say that you and Miss Croup and myself had better have our breakfast."

The steward was still standing by, and he touched his hat again, this time to Mrs. Cliff.

not make the time that might have been expected of her in fair weather, she did very well, and Burke was satisfied. The two stewards were kept very busy with the prostrate and dejected members of the synod, and Mrs. Cliff and the stewardess devoted their best efforts to the alleviation of the woes of Willy, which they were glad to see were daily dwindling.

They had rounded Cape Hatteras, the sea was smoother, the cold wind had gone down, and Willy Croup, warmly wrapped up, was sitting on a steamer-chair on deck. The desire that she might be suddenly transferred to Plainton or to Heaven was gradually fading out of her mind; and the blue sky, the distant waves, and the thought of the approaching meal were exercising a somewhat pleasurable influence upon her dreamy feeling, when Captain Burke, who stood near with a telescope, announced that the steamer over there, on the horizon line, was heading south,

and that he had a notion she was the *Antonina*, the vessel on which Shirley had sailed.

"I believe that we could overhaul her," said he to Mrs. Cliff. "I didn't know much about her sailing qualities, but I had no reason to believe she has the speed of this yacht; and as we're on the same course, I thought it likely we would sight her, and, what's more, pass her. We'll change our course a little, so that we will be closer to her when we pass."

Mrs. Cliff, who had taken the glass but could not see through it very well, returned it to the Captain and remarked: "If we can go so much faster than she does why can't we take Mr. Shirley on board when we catch up to her?"

"I don't know about that," said Burke. "To do that both vessels would have to lay to and lose time, and she might not want to do it, as she's a regular steamer and carries the mail. And, besides, if Shirley's under orders—that is, the same thing as orders—to go straight to Jamaica I don't know that we have any right to take him off his steamer and carry him to Nassau. Of course he might get to Jamaica just as soon, and perhaps sooner, if he sailed with us, but we don't know it. We may be delayed in some way; there's lots of things that might happen, and, anyway, I don't believe in interfering with orders, and I know Shirley doesn't either. I believe he would want to keep on. Besides, we don't really know yet that that's the *Antonina*."

A couple of hours, however, proved that Captain Burke's surmise had been correct, and it was not long before the two vessels were abreast of each other. The yacht had put on all steam and had proved herself capable of lively speed. As the two vessels approached within hailing distance, Captain Burke went up on the little bridge with a speaking trumpet, and it was not long before Shirley was on the bridge of the other steamer with another trumpet.

To the roaring conversation which now took place everybody on each vessel who was not too sick, or had no duties, or could be spared from them, listened with the most lively interest. A colloquy upon the lonely sea between two persons, one upon one vessel and the other upon another, must always be an incident of absorbing importance.

Very naturally Shirley was amazed to find it was his friend Burke who was roaring at him, and delighted when he was informed that the yacht was also on its way to Jamaica to meet Captain Horn. After a quarter of an hour of high-sounding talk, during which Shirley was informed of Burke's intention to touch at Nassau, the interview terminated, the *Summer Shelter* shaping her course a little more to the south, and by nightfall the *Antonina* had faded out of sight on the north-east horizon.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Captain Burke at dinner, "if we got to Jamaica before her, anyway, although we're bound to lose time in the harbour at Nassau."

The company at the dinner-table was larger than it had yet been. Five members of the synod had appeared on deck during the speaking-trumpet conversation, and, feeling well enough to stay there, had been warmly greeted and congratulated by Mrs. Cliff. The idea of a formal reception had, of course, been given up, and there was no need of presenting these gentlemen to the Captain, for he had previously visited all of his clerical passengers in their berths, and was thus qualified to present them to Mrs. Cliff as fast as they should make their appearance. At dinner-time two more came into the saloon, and the next morning at breakfast the delegation from the synod were all

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Coventry in a speech at Swansea told the following story: He was once dining with Mr. Chamberlain when the right hon. gentleman remarked to him: "You Churchmen and Romanists are making a mistake. The money you are spending on schools would get you a great many more proselytes if you spent it on curates and mission-rooms." The Bishop replied: "That is true, but we do not spend money in order to gain proselytes."

The Archdeacon of Bristol has declared himself a believer in the indissolubility of marriage and opposed to divorce.

The appointment of two female churchwardens has been announced. At the vestry meeting at Ramsey, the Vicar (the Rev. William Hurst) nominated Mrs. Isabella Saxby, wife of George Saxby, farm labourer, as his churchwarden for the ensuing year. The parishioners of Great Stoughton, Hunts, have elected the Hon. Mrs. Duberly as their representative.

The new Vicar of Portsea, the Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, is a son of Dr. Marshall Lang, of Glasgow, a minister in the Scottish Presbyterian Church. Mr. Lang is a pronounced believer in the Apostolic succession, and strongly deprecates proposals for the union of the Anglicans and Presbyterians. He is a preacher of ability, and a very energetic worker.

Various rumours are still afloat of an early condemnation of Anglican orders from Rome. The High Churchmen are not inactive, and their case is being presented to the Pope; but there is a very general impression that the decision will be adverse to them.

Although much feeling has been caused in the parish of East Brent by the Bishop's refusal to appoint Mr. Denison as successor to his uncle, there is a prospect of peace. Mr. Denison has been appointed a Prebendary of Wells Cathedral.

The appointment of Canon Ainslie to the Archdeaconry of Taunton is universally approved. It creates a vacancy in the elected Proctors of the Southern Convocation.

The Rev. R. Bruce, D.D., Professor of Persian in University College, London, has been appointed Vicar of St. Nicholas, Durham.

The new missionary Bishop in Japan, the Rev. P. K. Fyson, is an Evangelical, and has worked hard for the Bible Society. He took a Double First at Cambridge, and has been in Japan since 1873.

A decrease of over two thousand members is reported this year in the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Last year there was an increase of over four thousand. It is some years since a decrease was reported.

The Bishop of Ballarat, Dr. Thornton, arrives in London immediately, and will probably remain till after the Lambeth Conference. He has been in bad health.

It is said by Father Black that the Bishop of London advised Mr. Webb-Peploe to lend his church recently for the marriage of an American clergyman whose wife is divorced for incompatibility of temper, and the marriage was performed by the clergy of St. Paul's, Onslow Square.

It is thought that the new Chairman of the Congregational Union will be the Rev. Caleb Scott, D.D., Principal of Lancashire College. Principal Scott has been identified with Lancashire College for many years, and has taken a leading place among Nonconformists in the North.



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: A VISIT TO THE TEMPLE OF KARNAK BY MOONLIGHT.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

present with the exception of two, whose minds were not yet quite capable of properly appreciating the subject of nutrition.

When at last the *Summer Shelter* found herself in the smoother waters and the warmer air of the Gulf Stream, when the nautilus spread its gay-coloured sail in the sunlight by the side of the yacht, when the porpoises flashed their shining black bodies out of the water and plunged in again as they raced with the swiftly moving vessel, when great flocks of flying-fish would rise into the air, skim high above the water, and then all fall back again with a patter as of big rain-drops, and the people on the deck of the *Summer Shelter* took off their heavy wraps and unbuttoned their coats, it was a happy company which sailed with Mrs. Cliff among the beautiful isles of the West Indies.

(To be continued.)

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.



THE 9TH SOUDANESE REGIMENT MARCHING TO SHELLAL TO EMBARK FOR THE FRONT.

Our Drawing shows the cloud of dust raised by the advance of the troops over the sand, which causes them great inconvenience.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.



THE NILE A FEW MILES SOUTH OF KOROSKO.



A LANDING PLACE AT KOROSKO.



THE POST OF OBSERVATION ON THE MOUNTAIN AT KOROSKO.

LITERATURE.

Some years after the death of Louis XV., the Comtesse du Barry—whose *Life and Times* have been made the subject of an interesting memoir by Mr. Robert B. Douglas (Leonard Smithers)—in a conversation with her hostess the Princesse de Beauvan, said with a sigh, "Ah, how you all did hate me in those days!" "Hate you?" exclaimed the Princess. "Not at all, my dear, I can assure you. We only wanted your place." And those who most coveted "that bad eminence" for themselves, or for their wives, or for their daughters, were loudest in their virtuous denunciation of their successful rival. A shrewd Spanish proverb, "The clattering hoof means a nail gone," explains much of the noisy hue and cry with which the *bonne fille*, Jeanne Becu, has been hounded down. No doubt she was, as Choiseul, biting the hand that gave him bread, called her, a "*catin*," but what else, with her parentage and bringing up, could she have been? She differed from Choiseul's own sister and the rest of the numberless aspirants to Louis' infamous favour only in this, that she was forced and fated from her birth to be what they would have been of their own free and eager choice. There is a good story told of a Berne magistrate who thus reported upon the result of his search for copies of the "*Esprit*" of Helvetius, and of the "*Pucelle*" of Voltaire: "Nous n'avons trouvé dans tout le canton ni *Esprit* ni *Pucelle*." It would be a true report upon the most scurrilous and malignant of Madame du Barry's traducers. She was herself so incapable of bearing malice that the malignity of these traducers seems specially iniquitous. One of the most venomous of these libellers, Pidansat de Mairobert, is forced to admit, "No one, unless he had personal motives for hatred, could fail to like her, she was so honest, affable, and gentle. She had the virtue—specially rare in her sex—of never speaking ill of anyone, and of never uttering complaints or reproaches, which a very natural feeling of revenge might suggest, against those who envied her, and those who had not only published abroad the not very creditable stories of her life, but had embroidered them with baseness and enormities"—this gentleman himself being the most unscrupulously scurrilous of all such embroiderers in those "*Anecdotes*" which have been implicitly accepted by three generations of historians! Mr. Douglas, in this extremely interesting book, has had no difficulty in exposing the absurdity in some cases, the improbability in others, and in others the impossibility of the most scandalous of these "*Anecdotes*." We fear, however, that he has not quite vindicated Madame du Barry from the charge of indulgence in erotic reading by assuring us that "*The Golden Ass*" was one of her favourite books.

No one, however nervously strung, need dread to read *A Mine of Wealth*, by Esmé Stuart (Hurst and Blackett), because of its tragical plot. No doubt the whole story turns upon the attempt of a mother to poison her daughter; but neither the would-be murderess herself, nor her brother, nor her husband, nor even the hero, who is engaged to the intended victim, takes it very seriously. "It was only pretty Fanny's way." Every string of the story needs screwing up considerably, for the motives of all the personages are inadequate, their sensibilities languid, and their consciences inert. When Mrs. Beddoes, foiled in her diabolical attempt to poison her daughter, cries out against the injustice that "blamed a weak woman for trying to shape her own life," you cannot see the relevancy, not to say the adequacy, of the plea, since her daughter did not at all stand in her way. And throughout there is the same lack of sufficient mainspring for the working of the wheels.

When you reach the unexpected *dénouement* of *Miss Drummond's Dilemma*, by R. Ramsay (Richard Bentley and Son), you excuse your obtuseness in failing to foresee it by denying that the mistake on which the plot turns could have been continued undetected for such a time and in such a place as gossiping Writtle. You even indict the author for her misleading title, since Ramsay's love-cross was not a dilemma. However, a nice knowledge of English is not among the author's many merits, and they are many. The novel, indeed, is written throughout in English of an odd kind, which sometimes, no doubt, is intentional and meant to be "smart," as when you are told that "two curates and a tea-pot were sitting together at their lodgings. They dwelt, like a pair of sober sparrows, under the same paid-weekly roof, and shared the brown tea-pot and the sitting-room as they shared all things, except their mothers." But the story has plenty of "go," its characters take hold of your interest from the first, and its plot to the last baffles your penetration. It really is an ingenious plot, and is, after all, as probable as you can expect a mystifying plot to be.

The Rajah's Sapphire. Written by M. P. Shiel, author of "*Prince Zaleski*," from a plot given him *à la voix* by W. T. Stead. "Nautilus" Series. (Ward, Lock, and Bowden.)—The magnificent precious stone of the title brings death or dire misfortune to everyone into whose hands it falls. Miss Ada Macdonald, a society belle, longs to possess it and wear it at an approaching ball. She implores the aid of her affianced lover, the Markgraf Stefan von Reutlingen, just at the moment when the young diplomatist is being dispatched in all haste from Berlin on an important mission to London. To please her, he goes to London via Bremen, where the jewel is in the keeping of a Jew pawnbroker, who knows enough of its mischievous effects to part with it readily. Of course, a doom is on the vessel in which Stefan sails with the sapphire from Bremen to England. In the midst of a frightful storm the packet-boat is deliberately run into by a yacht under the guidance of its owner, a diabolical millionaire, Ralph Raffoner, who, on land or sea, allows nothing and nobody to stand in his way, and who as it happens, is Ada's rejected suitor. Before the yacht founders with great loss of life, Stefan, who escapes death almost by a miracle, catches a glimpse of Raffoner, hitherto a stranger to him. He presents the sapphire to Ada, on whom it exerts a baneful influence. She quarrels

causelessly with Stefan, and marries the detestable Raffoner. The last scene of all is laid in New York, where Raffoner and Ada are holding a magnificent reception. Raffoner is making a speech in which he boasts that throughout life he has never met with a check, and that even the possession of the fatal sapphire has only increased his good fortune in receiving with it so peerless a wife. At this point he is recognised by Stefan, who, sent on a mission to the States, is in New York, and has been taken to the Raffoners' mansion by an American friend. Stefan forthwith denounces Raffoner as the wrecker of the Bremen packet-boat. Raffoner is firing a pistol at him, but Ada strikes at his hand, and the bullet kills a lady in the crowd. Then Raffoner shoots himself. The sapphire is broken up for sale in little pieces, and its fatal influence being removed, Stefan and Ada are married. As Mr. Stead is its putative parent the story may have a moral lurking in it. But the ordinary reader will regard it as a stirring and exciting sensation-novelle, in which, as critics used to say, "the interest never flags," while the storm, the collision, the foundering of the packet-boat, the fate of the crew and passengers, and the hero's hair-breadth escape from drowning are described with remarkable power.

Mr. Morley Roberts has made and missed a fine opportunity in *The Earth-Mother* (Downey and Co.). It was a good idea of its gruesome kind to represent a sculptor as walling up in the plaster cast of his colossal statue the body of a rival he had slain; but he might have been so disposing of a dead cat for the little you care about the ghastly business. All the details of the fight to the death, of the injection of wax and arsenic into the corpse, of plastering it thickly with pitch, and of walling it up securely in the colossal cast, are described with technical accuracy and minuteness, but also with technical coldness. Nor are you more moved when the widow of the dead man, whom the sculptor marries, starves herself, out of revenge for his denying her sufficient money for household expenses. "Let him see that he was killing her. She never ate if she could help it, and what she saved she gave to him and the children." After she had committed suicide in this childish way, her husband drowns himself without the reader being more sympathetic than "the great Earth-Mother, who, as the river bore him seaward, moved onward through lightless space under the bitter domination of inexorable law, as she had done before he symbolised her in the dead clay to which he had returned." You cannot see why the planet should stop more for his death than for that of either of his victims; while all three tragedies leave as little impression on your mind as magic-lantern shadows on the sheet they are momentarily thrown upon.

Many and amazing were the secrets mastered by the Indian narrator of Mr. Rider Haggard's stirring tale, *Heart of the World* (Longmans), but the secret which would have been most serviceable of all to his readers—the Indian art of terse speech—he has unfortunately failed to master. Anything less like his native tongue than the prolix and diffuse speeches he records could not be imagined. But, indeed, Mr. Rider Haggard is at so little pains to preserve the Indian and archaic character of his narrative that he makes its aged narrator allude to the latest Socialistic schemes. On the other hand, "*Heart of the World*" is the best "to-be-continued-in-our-next" sort of story we have read for some time. Every chapter has either a sensation or the promise of a sensation to keep your attention alive and alert; while these sensations are so varied, unexpected, and thrilling that you feel like a child staring wide-eyed at the incongruous and inexhaustible turn-out of a conjurer's hat. In one word, "*Heart of the World*" is an ideal boy's book, for a boy's imagination has not only the appetite but the digestion of an ostrich.

All such narrators of the marvellous as Mr. Haggard ought to borrow from the masters of the art, Defoe and Swift, their matter-of-fact simplicity of style. You should always choose for a messenger of wonderful news a plain-spoken, prosaic, downright rustic, whom no one could suspect of either the ability or the duplicity to invent. "The style," writes Swift in "Richard Sympton's" Introduction to "*Gulliver*," "is very plain and simple; and the only fault I find is that the author, after the manner of travellers, is a little too circumstantial." Plainness, simplicity, and circumstantiality of narrative will make the incredible seem probable; but not one of our contemporary romancers has mastered this elementary lesson. An exact reprint of the first edition of *Gulliver's Travels* of 1726-27, with the exception of a change here and there in punctuation, and of a very few alterations of archaic forms, has just been issued by Messrs. Bliss, Sands, and Foster. Even the simple original illustrations have been reproduced, while the frontispiece is a charming design drawn specially for the volume by Mr. J. Walter West.

Professor Huxley replied rather irrelevantly to an invitation to investigate spiritualism, "If anybody would endow me with the faculty of listening to the chatter of old women and curates in the nearest cathedral town, I should decline the privilege, having better things to do." Surely whether Balaam's ass spoke or not is a distinct question from whether he spoke or not as an ass. At the same time it must be admitted that it is natural, if not logical, to disbelieve that "a spirit should come from the grave," only to tell us, "There's no'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark but he's an arrant knave." Hence we fear that Miss Florence Marryat's last spiritualistic novel, *The Strange Transfiguration of Hannah Stubbs* (Hutchinson and Co.), will discredit by its banality the gospel it aims to propagate. Its plot is so far from being commonplace that it offers fine and infinite possibilities to a master of the weird. An Italian marquis, who had killed his wife for unfaithfulness, yearns remorsefully to recall her from the spirit world and receive her forgiveness, and this he is enabled to do through the mediumship of a London lodging-house maid-of-all-work. The murdered lady takes permanent possession of the body of the maid-of-all-work (whom the Marquis had married for her mediumship), and revenges herself by poisoning him. After his murder, she marries a rich German, and mixes

in the most fashionable society, in spite of her spirit being clothed in the uncouth body of the maid-of-all-work. The dreary, flat, and fatuous way in which this astonishing story is told is really humorous after the Gilbertian fashion.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has reprinted a number of literary essays, under the title of *Critical Kit-Kats* (W. Heinemann); "kit-kats" being the name by which small portraits were known in the last century. The essays are both critical and biographical, the most interesting dealing with Mrs. Barrett Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" and with Mr. Gosse's visit to Walt Whitman in 1884. The sketch of Whitman's personality is exceedingly entertaining. Mr. Gosse describes Whitman's verse as a "literary protoplasm," in which every reader finds some reflection of himself; but that is, in its way, a remarkable compliment to the poet.

"The ideal essayist," writes Mr. Lacon Watson in his volume of essays, entitled *The Unconscious Humcrust* (Elkin Mathews), "has yet to be evolved—the man who shall combine in his own person the original power of Bacon, the grace of Addison, the transcendental insight of Emerson, the gay fancy of Charles Lamb." The mere suggestion of such a combination of incompatible and even mutually conflicting qualities prepares the reader for the disappointment of not finding this ideal essayist in Mr. Watson. To say the truth, these essays, though fairly written, are tame and trite, and give the mind the precise relief—if it needs such a relief—the author describes in "*An Examination of the Commonplace*": "What a relief it is, after listening to an intellectual gymnast, to fall back upon a thoroughly sane and common man! It is like reclining upon a soft cushion, after a long ride in the dark, over a rocky country. The mind is at rest now; it knows what to expect. It is no longer exposed to a succession of maddening fireworks, or compelled to keep on the alert in order to note each subtle paradox."

A LITERARY LETTER.

There is a very pleasant literary scandal in the current number of the *Academy*, in the form of a letter from Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, the well-known Wordsworthian scholar and editor of the Clarendon Press "*Wordsworth*," concerning Professor Knight's edition of the same poet. Mr. Hutchinson tells how he had received the proof sheets of the first two volumes of the new Eversley "*Wordsworth*," and he found that very little had been done to correct the "myriad errors" of the Paterson edition. Mr. Hutchinson made his corrections on the margin in red ink, and when the sheets left his hands he tells us that "they positively looked as though they were in the eruptive stage of scarlet fever, so frequent had been the calls for the reviser's pen." Mr. Hutchinson, it will be seen from this letter, claims to have made a worthless book into an entirely valuable one. He practically asserts that he, and not Professor Knight, is the real editor, and one is justified in asking why his name is not on the title-page—unless, indeed, Professor Knight has some adequate explanation. In any case, Mr. Hutchinson naturally complains that it is scarcely sufficient recognition to be bracketed with half-a-dozen other people as having been "of some assistance."

The pleasant task of editing the text of Wordsworth by deputy was offered to the only two Wordsworthian scholars who could in any way compare with Mr. Hutchinson—Professor Dowden and Mr. Dykes Campbell. Professor Dowden declined the privilege; Mr. Dykes Campbell, whose enthusiasm for literature always led him to neglect his own material interests—although, as circumstances have since declared, he died a poor man—readily volunteered. And yet—I speak from personal knowledge—he was not without some misgivings as to why his name should not accompany that of Professor Knight upon the title-page of the revised "*Wordsworth*." Had he lived, he would probably have been silent; but Mr. Hutchinson is evidently a good fighter, judging by his piquant allusions to "the Professor of Moral Philosophy." Messrs. Macmillan also ought to have something to say. They have had dealings with Professor Dowden and with Mr. Dykes Campbell. They must have been fully aware of the "myriad errors" in the Paterson "*Wordsworth*"; but doubtless Professor Knight will let us hear what he has to say.

Why does a literary man change his name in middle life when he has already made a considerable reputation? We know Mr. Theodore Watts as a very trenchant critic and a graceful poet. It is with feelings of amazement that we find him now announcing that henceforth he is to be known as Mr. Theodore Watts Dunton. Mr. Watts (whose real name, by the way, is Walter Theodore Watts) used to be known in his native town of St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire, as Walter Watts. He has been familiar to a generation of literary Englishmen as Mr. Theodore Watts, and it would appear that he aspires to go down to posterity as "Mr. Dunton."

Surely it is the influence of Sir Walter Scott's novels that is still with us. Jacobitism is by no means dead: it not only exists among a few hare-brained people who wear a white rose, but it even boasts so gifted a man as Mr. Aubrey de Vere among its votaries. I am further informed that on April 16 last, the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Culloden, the memorial cairn erected on the Field of Culloden was decorated with memorial wreaths. One of the cards bore the words, "In memory of the brave men who died for Scotland and Prince Charlie—April 16th, 1746."

The following comes from a correspondent of the *Critic* in Kansas City: "Searching in St. Louis for a *de luxe* copy of 'Tribly,' I called at Boland's—the largest and oldest establishment in that city—and, on asking if they had a copy, received the answer, 'We have Du Maurier's 'Tribly,' but do not keep Deluxe's.' This is almost as bad as the inquiry for an epidemic (academic) dictionary, which startled a Kansas City book-clerk." C. K. S.

VIENNA CONGRESS EXHIBITION.

The Exhibition of the Vienna Congress of 1814, now open in the Vienna Art Industrial Museum, was arranged by the Art Industrial Society of that city. No doubt the idea of commemorating the Congress arose from the desire to obtain as complete a picture as possible of the Empire style which prevailed at the beginning of the present century and is now again coming into fashion. For that purpose no better moment than the Congress could have been selected. At that time Vienna was the centre of the resistance in the wars against the French Emperor. The Congress which assembled in the Austrian capital after his final defeat has no equal in importance or individuality. All Europe was assembled at Vienna; of almost all countries the sovereigns and princes, with their suites, the greatest generals and the leading diplomatists, and with them the chief authors and artists of the time, stayed at Vienna for three months. It was a veritable diplomatic fair; everyone—the greatest and the least of the noble guests—had come in order to get a cheap piece in the general land-grabbing—the selling-off, as it was then called. All the pleasures of life were enjoyed to the full. All the society of Europe was collected and alone. It is well known how slowly the work of the Congress progressed; but, on the other hand, there were ceaseless festivals and amusements of all sorts. Life and doings in the Kaiserstadt, on the Danube, formed a real picture in miniature of the Europe of that time, and the present exhibition serves as a revival of that picture.

Contributions to the exhibition have been freely sent by the principal Courts and museums of Europe, also by the families of those concerned in the Napoleonic wars or the Congress, particularly by the Austrian nobility. There are ten rooms full of the portraits of those who were engaged in the Congress or played a part in the political, social, or literary life of that interesting epoch. Their manifold costumes, fashions, and furniture are to be seen, as likewise all sorts of precious historical and art relics, the whole presenting a vivid picture of European culture at the time of the Napoleonic wars and two decades later. Painting plays a great part at the exhibition. The Congress painters *par excellence* were Sir



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S MARSHAL'S BÂTONS.

Presented to him by the Sovereigns of Austria, Prussia, Russia, England, Hanover, Spain, and Portugal.

Thomas Lawrence, whom the English Regent, afterwards George IV., sent round Europe to paint for him all the celebrities of the Congress; these paintings he subsequently collected in the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor. There are splendid portraits by him of the Emperor Francis II. and Prince Metternich. Then comes the Frenchman Gerard—the painter of kings, as he was called—with numerous portraits, of which those of Prince Schwarzenberg, the victor of Leipsic, and Talleyrand excel in brilliancy. But the greatest attraction is the celebrated sepia drawing of the Congress by Jean Baptiste Isabey, lent by Queen Victoria. It is impossible to reproduce it, as the Exhibition Committee allows only whole groups and not single objects to be taken. The drawing represents the moment when the Duke of Wellington, who arrived only in February 1815 to replace Lord Castlereagh, is introduced to the assembled members of the Congress by Metternich. But at that time the picture was already almost finished, and Isabey had the task of including the Iron Duke in a worthy manner. He resorted to the device of choosing the moment when the victor of Waterloo was introduced, and represented him as the last man on the left, standing almost on the threshold. Naturally, the Duke objected, and said he must be represented full face. Then Isabey convinced him that his, Wellington's, profile,



NAPOLEON THE FIRST'S DESK.

was strikingly like Henry the Fourth's, and that satisfied the proud Englishman.

A masterpiece unequalled of its kind is Isabey's "Baptism of the King of Rome," a large miniature ordered by Napoleon for his consort, and inlaid in the top of an elegant little table. Among the portraits of sovereigns are the conspicuous one of the Czar Alexander I., by George Dawes, and in the large gallery of the Congress beauties that of the Princess of Wales, the gay Princess Caroline of Brunswick, of whom all evil tongues chattered so long, the friend of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

It is extremely interesting to look at all the exhibited things which at that time ministered to the daily wants—the tables, chairs, china, ornaments of all sorts, and the household utensils. Among the historical relics, the Congress table deserves the first place. That table, round which the greatest statesmen of Europe took counsel to preserve the "European equilibrium," is a very humble and fragile thing of speckled wood—really a family table that can be shut up so as easily to go into the corner. It is 1·600 metres long by 1·180 metres broad, hardly large enough to spread out a proper map on. Far superior is Napoleon's writing-table, of which we give a picture. It is a monument of the joiner's skill, a masterpiece in the Empire style. And however different these two articles may be, they are historically most intimately connected. As a clever observer remarked, "The world which the Emperor had built at his fire desk was torn to pieces at the little Congress table." To the left of Napoleon's desk stands a piano manufactured by Erard, and supposed to have belonged to the Emperor Napoleon's consort, the Empress Marie Louise; while in the same room we see a case containing eight marshal's gold bâtons, which belonged to the Duke of Wellington, and were presents made to him after the battle of Waterloo by the sovereigns of Austria, Prussia, Russia, England, Hanover, Spain, and Portugal. It is not known where the eighth came from. The largest room downstairs contains a collection of gorgeous State



NAPOLEON THE FIRST'S CORONATION CARRIAGE.

Used at his Coronation at Milan in 1805; Captured by the Austrians.

carriages and sleighs used at the Congress, all most splendid specimens of the coachmaker's work. The first is Napoleon's coronation carriage, used at his coronation at Milan (1805), afterwards captured by the Austrians, and again used at the Empress Elizabeth's entrance into Vienna in 1854.

FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In one of the magazines, the *New Review*, I think, Mr. McCarthy writes about forgotten novels. The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth his poppy, for example, over Hope's "Anastasis." It was, I believe, originally, though erroneously, attributed to Byron, and was so much admired by Lockhart that to make mention of it became a kind of signature of his articles at one time. Yet I am sorry to say that I never read "Anastasis," which Mr. Saintsbury seems not to notice in his "Literature of the Nineteenth Century." Perhaps Mr. Hope was a man of one novel, which often leads to oblivion. Another novel, pretty well forgotten, has always been a favourite of my own, Talbot Gwynne's "School for Fathers." It has plenty of humour and abundance of a not dishonourable pathos: poor Jack the hero, with his failure to be bookish or Chesterfieldian (as his father desires), one can never forget. Messrs. Smith and Elder were the publishers, and might, perhaps, consider whether it is not worth while to give "The School for Fathers" a fresh chance.

As a rule, nothing can be revived. Darley, Beddoes, according to some, Wells, were all obscure, unread poets; and, according to Mr. Le Gallienne's recently published "Retrospective Reviews," Darley must be worth reviving. But such resurrections are difficult. Hogg's "Justified Sinner" was a perfect failure about 1824. I do not think that the world has patronised it in its recent *avatar*; yet there is really no doubt as to its merits, and Scotch novels are in vogue. Why does it not "catch on," as the Americans say? Keats is almost a solitary example of a literary resurrection. In his lifetime his books fell on thorny ground. Critics sprang up and choked them; they were not rescued by the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Liberal* and friendly newspapers. Lord Houghton, by dint of the "Letters" and "Biography," exercised a reviving spell, but such examples are very rare. If his age will not accept an author he is not well trusted with posterity.

M. Le Gallienne, in the work cited, says that "Keats is the greatest English poet since Shakspeare." Probably it would be wiser to say that he might have become the greatest English poet since Shakspeare—and a very bad second at that. He was not dramatic and creative, and he never would have been, for he had really no more humour than Wordsworth. Such humour as he had was all wrong, and more akin to Southey's than to that of Shakspeare, Scott, and Burns. Mr. Bridges exhibits a more sober criticism in the Keats edited by Mr. Thorn Drury for "The Muses' Library" (Lawrence and Bullen): "If one English poet might be recalled to-day from the dead to continue the work which he left unfinished on earth, it is probable that the crown of his country's desire would be set on the head of John Keats; and this general feeling is based on a judgment of his work which we may unhesitatingly accept—namely, that the best of it is of the highest excellence, but the mass of it disappointing." Keats's early work, says Mr. Bridges, by its want of restraint and other immaturities, "is often of such a nature as to be offensive to good taste, and very provocative of impatient condemnation."

This is well worth saying: the furious early attacks on Keats were directed against his early work, and impatience that work was likely to provoke, even if there had been no political and local rancour engaged. Carlyle felt neither, and no man has condemned Keats more vigorously and, so to speak, wholesale. Mr. Bridges discovers, what is not easily found, a meaning in "Endymion," though "to one who expects to be carried on by the interest of a story, this poem is more tedious and unreadable than can be imagined." "If you read 'Clarissa' for the story, you would hang yourself," said Dr. Johnson, I think (in the absence of a "Boswell" I quote from memory), and you would hang yourself if you read "Endymion" for the story. The reviewers, not unnaturally, tried to read a story for the story: they hanged Keats, and, incidentally, gibbeted themselves. Any of us might have done as much, though not in such a vulgar and personal manner, for we are not young Edinburgh Tories at feud with Cockneydom. "Where Endymion is wandering in strange places, the uncertainty where he is, in the absence of explanatory statement as to what is intended, reduces the reader to despair." So the old reviewers not unjustly observed at the time. Yet Mr. Bridges marvels that the faults obscured the poet's excellences so completely from a more general recognition. I do not share his wonder. A reader "in despair" is usually a reader in not the best of tempers.

The old enemies, in fact, "sinned their mercies"; they might have written criticisms (like that of the *Quarterly* on Tennyson), over which, even to-day, it would have been impossible not to be freely merry. The age is accused by Mr. Le Gallienne of a tendency to sacrifice everything to humour. I have not observed this feature of the time, but it is better to be humorous and good-humoured than to be ferocious and ruffianly in the ancient fashion. Tennyson, in his unpublished letter to Christopher North—but, on reflection, I have no right to blurt out what Tennyson said in that epistle. However, had I been Keats, I might have wanted a shot at my *Blackwood* reviewer: had I been young Mr. Tennyson I would have been too much amused by my *Quarterly* reviewer for anger to enter my heart, and would have fallen into his arms. No great poet, perhaps, is capable of being diverted at his own expense; and I fear that Wordsworth did not chuckle over Reynolds's "Peter Bell." Keats did.

To return to Mr. Bridges, he has, by his explanations, made the poem "readable as a whole, suggestive of meaning, and full of shadowy outlines of mysterious truth." This, of course, is the true and legitimate function of criticism; still, the less the poet needs "a candle to see the sun by," as Mr. Le Gallienne says—or rather, to see the moon by in this case—the better for the poet. The necessary function Mr. Bridges fulfils throughout his introduction to Keats, with extraordinary tact and sympathy and poetic knowledge. Time was needed for this fruit. He rightly concludes by the remark that Keats, could he know it, would be pleased that "for the nobility of his character his name is loved and esteemed." If Mr. Bridges would write a similar essay on Virgil, he would do a great service to lovers of poetry.



REVIVAL OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES AT ATHENS: LOUËS WINNING THE RACE FROM MARATHON.

From a Photograph by John Macropoulos, Athens.

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

Our correspondent's sketch of a recent combat between one of the numerous dispersed bands of insurgents and a detachment of Spanish troops at Camajuani recalls to mind the prolonged desultory and inconclusive warfare that has been going on in Cuba for more than a twelvemonth past between the forces of the Royal Government of Spain, administered by General Weyler, the Captain-General, as by his predecessor, Marshal Martinez Campos, and of the Colonial Independence party. The Cuban leaders seem to be mere guerrilla chiefs, who, not having yet organised any provisional scheme of civil rule in the districts they have already occupied, have been acting somewhat at random, without any centre of strategic operations. The rebels do not attempt to hold any of the provincial towns; but they swarm all over the country, sacking and burning the villas, and laying waste the plantations of the richer class, supposed to favour and support the existing Spanish Government. A rebellion conducted in this manner does not command the sympathy of foreign civilised nations, whatever may have been the injustice of the rule heretofore applied by officials sent from Madrid; and President Cleveland, in the United States of America, may well demur to comply with the joint resolution of the Senate and to recognise the Secession of Cuba, and to allow it belligerent rights, so long as it is not represented by some kind of responsible civil and political Administration. If this revolt were to assume a more orderly and regular form, and to eschew the practices of wanton mischief and havoc of private property, by which it has been hitherto disgraced, a not unfriendly neutrality on the part of American Republicanism might be expected, and the Cubans might win their independence like the Mexicans and the South Americans, to which no opposition would be made by any of the European Powers. But there is no sign as yet of the consolidation of a separate Cuban Government; and the reports of mere occasional fighting in local skirmishes, described in contradictory telegrams from New York and official dispatches from Havana,

cannot be of much importance to the political result. The latest news is that of the insurgent leaders Maceo and Banderas at Lechuza, near Pinar del Rio, having inflicted severe losses upon the Alfonso XIII. battalion of the Spanish army, but that they were repulsed by the arrival of Colonel Yucan's column, aided by the fire of the gunboat *Alerta* on the neighbouring sea-coast. Pinar del Rio is about a hundred miles south-west of Havana. The insurgents have advanced from the eastern to the western extremity of the island, leaving but a small part undisturbed.



THE LATE MR. THOMAS THORNYCROFT'S STATUE OF QUEEN BOADICEA.

THE PROPOSED ADDITION TO LONDON'S STATUES.

As modern life tends more and more to centralisation in great cities, it becomes yearly of more vital importance to the æsthetic welfare of vast town-bred populations that the scenes among which they have their being should be beautified and ennobled as far as may be possible. There has of late years been a distinct movement in this direction, both in London and in the great provincial towns. But there is ever room for further ornament.

The latest effort in this cause is a scheme for the erection on a suitable public site of the late Mr. Thomas Thornycroft's colossal statue-group of Boadicea hurling defiance at the Roman legions from her war-chariot. Mr. Thornycroft devoted some fifteen years of his life to the sculpture of the colossal group which it is now hoped to add to the equestrian statues of London. It was not a commission, but the supreme labour of the sculptor's life. The Prince Consort evinced a great interest in the work, and lent horses from the royal stables as models.

Last year, when the London County Council were exploring the tumulus on Parliament Hill Fields to see if it was Boadicea's tomb, Mr. John I. Thornycroft, the son of the sculptor, who had carefully preserved the model, offered to present the Council with the group. This was accepted, but fell through owing to the fact that the tumulus was not proved to be Boadicea's tomb, and that the group was estimated to cost £6000 to cast. This sum has since been found to be an excessive estimate, and on securing another one less than half as large, Mr. William J. Bull got together an influential committee and issued an appeal for funds. The appeal has met with a fair amount of success; but further subscriptions will be gratefully received, and should be sent to Messrs. Coutts's Bank. After some consideration it is now proposed to place the group over the arch on the Embankment by the Temple Pier. The noble dignity of the work will make it a most valuable addition to the scene which it will there proudly dominate.



THE CUBAN INSURRECTION: ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE SPANIARDS AND INSURGENTS NEAR CAMAJUANI.

From a Sketch by a Correspondent.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

It is more than forty years since I arrived for the first time in Paris, and among my luggage there was a very homely hip-bath; not the slightly contrivance of to-day, painted, grained, and varnished without, enamelled within, with a comfortable lid and strap, and calculated to hold ever so many things; but a plain, unattractive article made of zinc, with a solid, capacious back to it. Though originally not constructed to hold anything at all, it had been filled with and covered with canvas, which was held in its place by packthread.

Owing to my youthful, and probably innocent, appearance, which precluded the idea of my being a smuggler, the Custom House officers did not meddle with it, and it was deposited intact with my other belongings in the *antechambre* of my relatives' apartment, with whom I had come to stay. Next morning, the moment I was out of bed, I began to unpack it, in the presence of their housekeeper and *cordon bleu*—the latter appellation is no misnomer—a very worthy dame, who had been in their service then for something like a quarter of a century. She was French to the backbone, and, notwithstanding her sojourn in the capital for perhaps three decades, as provincial as on the first day she left her native mountains of Auvergne.

I translate the conversation that followed literally: "Good heavens, Monsieur!—what is this?" exclaimed Madame Madeleine when the bath was emptied of its contents. "This, Madame Madeleine, is a bath." "What for, Monsieur?" "To bathe myself. Do my uncles never take a bath?" "Of course, Monsieur. Do you take us for savages? But they never take a bath in the house—they go to baths hard by. Where do you think the water is to come from? Every drop has to be fetched from the courtyard, and you would get no servant in Paris to do it."

I may add that she was perfectly right in that respect, and as I was determined, though young, to have my own way, I made, with my relatives' permission, arrangements with the concierge's husband to have the requisite extra quantity of water brought up every morning. Nevertheless, Madame Madeleine, the concierge's husband, and perhaps my relatives themselves, were decidedly under the impression that these English habits were—to put it mildly—somewhat ridiculous; and there is little doubt in my mind that if the majority of Parisians of those days had been asked to give an opinion on that particular habit, they would have unquestionably agreed with them.

Yet, even as early as the middle of the fifties, there were a great many families of the highest class who had English nursery governesses for their children, but the class immediately below—i.e., the real *bourgeoisie*—ridiculed the idea that English men and English women not belonging to the aristocracy could teach the French anything in the way of manners. That the mopping up of the gravy out of one's plate with a piece of bread was unseemly they would not admit and the idea of using a fork as well as a knife to peel a pear, an apple, or an orange was scouted as too funny for words. "They must be dirty indeed, those English, to be afraid to touch food with their hands," was the most charitable comment when ordinary people saw an English governess teach her charges to eat their dessert in that way; and one and all of those critics objected to have both hands occupied at meals at the same time by plying a knife and fork simultaneously.

Thus far their criticism of habits they derided as savouring of affectation; there were other habits they positively rejected as downright injurious. One of these was to let the babe go bareheaded from its birth; a second to let the mite have the free use of its limbs, and not to swathe it round and round like a mummy; a third to bathe it daily. No doubt the little one was treated to some ablutions, but to plunge it into a bath—oh, horror of horrors!

Of course, the Germans were even more benighted than the French, and their blindness in those things lasted longer. "Many German ladies have assured me," says the author of that brilliant book, "German Home Life," "that it was entirely owing to our barbaric bath system that the King of Hanover had lost his sight." And elsewhere she writes, "'My dear,' said a German friend to me one day, at whose house I had been dining, 'you will forgive me, I know, if I say that my husband dislikes the English—not as individuals,' she continued, laying a caressing hand on mine, 'but as a nation.' Still, you see, I have overcome his prejudices, and my children have an English governess. *She teaches them how to eat.*"

I have been thinking of all this for the last few days—in fact, ever since I read of the death of Mrs. Makropoulou, who, notwithstanding her very foreign name, was English to the backbone, and taught the Princess of Wales's nephew, the Duke of Sparta, how to eat. She died at Athens. And I was wondering what had become of Miss Shaw, the English girl who performed the same offices for the ill-fated Prince Imperial—an excellent young woman, but not inclined to stand any nonsense from her surroundings, and terribly jealous of "my Prince's" affections. One day the Empress, who had her temper also, intimated that she and Miss Shaw had better part. "Very well, Madame," came the answer; "but of course I take my Prince with me." It would have been better, perhaps, if she had.

As a matter of course, the present German Emperor had an English nurse, so had Alexander II. of Russia and his successor. In fact, as a Chinese attaché once said to me, "You English slaughter your food on the table and cook it in your stomachs; but the slaughtering is done as neatly as dissecting, and it is your women who wield the scalpel." Gratifying to our women, is it not?

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

II J MCA (Woodfields).—The move you suggest is undoubtedly better than the one adopted, but it would be difficult for us to forego the chance of the game. White at the moment has the better position, but would have to watch carefully against the advance of Q and K B, owing to the exposed position of his King. We cannot reply by post.

MEXICO SUBSCRIBER.—Have you studied the effect of P to Q Kt 8th, becoming a Queen, and mates?

E P VILLIAMY.—There are some good points about your problems, especially the first, but both are too weak in a problematic sense for this column.

C A F BYATT (Wood Green).—We will look into the matter. Probably you are right.

F PROCTOR (Colchester).—1. R takes Kt (ch) and 1. Kt to B 7th (ch) yield two additional solutions to your problem.

DR F STR. (Camberwell).—In No. 2, 1. K to B 3rd, K takes P; 2. Q to K 7th, etc., is another way.

A HILL (Belfast).—Both problems shall appear in due course.

C W (Sunbury).—Nos. 693 and 691 are marked for insertion.

II B JACKSON (Talan, Fiji).—Thanks for your letter; we shall be glad to see the new problem you speak of.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2691, 2695, and 2693 received from Henry B Jackson (Talan, Fiji); of No. 2710 from W J Huske (Berlin, N.H.); of No. 2711 from Evans (Port Hope, Ont.); of No. 2712 from J F Moon, Emile Frau (Lyons), and W J Huske (Berlin); of No. 2713 from Edward Plunkett, Emile Frau (Lyons), J Bailey (Newark), C W Smith (Stroud); of No. 2714 from Sorrento, George C Turner, Shadforth, Oliver Icingle, W M Beatson (Southsea), J S Wesley (Exeter), T Roberts, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J Bailey (Newark), C R II (Green Lanes), R Worters (Canterbury), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2715 received from T Roberts, F Waller (Luton), Oliver Icingle, Sorrento, Emile Frau (Lyons), Edward Plunkett, R H Brooks, Frank H Rollison, Captain Spencer, T Chown, W H Williamson (Belfast), B Copland (Chelmsford), F A Carter (Maldon), Albert Wolff, H E Lee (Ipswich), W R B (Clifton), C M O, H T Bailey (Kentish Town), F Leete (Sudbury), Albert Ludwig (Alsace), Dawn, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), H T Atterbury, L Desanges, Splendide Mendax, Meursius (Paris), E Loudon, James Gamble (Belfast), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Hermit, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), F James (Wolverhampton), S Downs (Ledsham), Alpha, H II (Peterborough), J S Wesley (Exeter), James Lloyd, C J Fisher (Eye), F Anderson, W Lillie (Manchester), M A Allen, George C Turner (Solihull Lodge), J Hall, C E Perugini, J Sowden, W R Raillem, C C Massey, E B Foord (Cheltenham), C M A B, C R H (Green Lanes), Shadforth, W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), J F Moon, Hereward, R Worters (Canterbury), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Joseph T Pullen (Launceston), T G (Ware), F W C (Edgbaston), W L (Wimbledon), H S Brandreth (Florence), M A Eyre (Folkestone), James Priestley, Castle Lea, and Frater.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2714.—By F. THOMPSON.

WHITE.

1. R to K 5th
2. Q to R 6th
3. Mates.

BLACK.

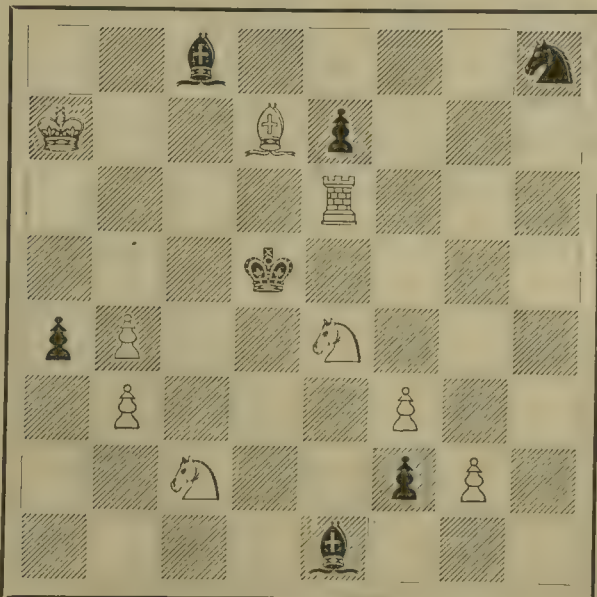
P to K Kt 3rd
Any move

If Black play 1. R to R 6th, then 2. Kt to Kt 5th (ch), K takes P; 3. B to K 6th (double check) and mate.

PROBLEM No. 2717.

By J. F. MOON and A. C. CHALLENGER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CONSULTATION CHESS.

Game played at Hastings between Messrs. BLACKBURNE and HERINGTON on the one side and Messrs. BIRD and CHAPMAN on the other.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Messrs. B. & H.).

1. P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd
3. B to B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th
5. P to Q B 3rd
6. P to Q 4th
7. P takes P
8. B to Kt 2nd
9. P to Q 5th
10. B to K 3rd

All the game, so far, will be found familiar, but this variation has not been seen recently in any important game.

11. Kt to B 3rd
12. Kt to K 2nd

White avoids the beaten track by declining to Castle; and this, it will be found, has an important bearing on the after game.

13. R to Q B sq
14. Kt to R 4th
15. Kt takes Kt
16. P to K R 4th

The attack on the King is conducted very cleverly by the aid of this Pawn.

17. P to R 5th
18. B to Kt sq
19. P to B 3rd

Q to K sq
P to Q B 5th
B to K Kt 5th
B to Q 2nd

Castles
P to K B 3rd
Kt to Kt 3rd
P takes Kt

BLACK (Messrs. B. & C.).

P to K 4th
Kt to Q B 3rd
B to B 4th
B takes P
B to B 4th
P takes P
B to Kt 3rd
Kt to Q R 4th
Kt to K 2nd

WHITE (Messrs. B. & H.).

20. Q to Q 2nd
21. R takes P
22. Kt to Kt 3rd
23. Kt takes P
24. B to Q 3rd

One great aim of Black in the sacrifice of the Pawn was to get his Knight to B 5th, and this White now prevents.

25. P to R 3rd
26. P to Kt 4th
27. R takes B

The sacrifice of the exchange is necessary, but it is also favourable to White's prospects, as the Bishop was dangerous and troublesome.

28. Kt to B 4th

This has the appearance of a clear blunder, but in any case White's attack was too good. There is a peculiarly interesting finish, and the game is, as a whole, of uncommon interest.

29. R to R 5th
30. Q to R 2nd
31. R takes Q
32. P to K 5th
33. Q to R 7th (ch)
34. B to Kt 6th (ch)
35. Q takes P (ch)

Kt to Kt 6th
P takes Q R P
P takes R
Kt to Q 5th
K to B 2nd
K to K 2nd
Resigns

The match between Messrs. Steinitz and Schiffers resulted in a victory for the former by six games to four, and one drawn. The play was of a very unequal character, some good games being set-off by some very bad ones, but Mr. Steinitz appears to have put forth a defence to the Ruy Lopez which finds favour with the critics.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Most of my readers know that the anti-toxin remedy for diphtheria has for some time been upon its trial as a remedy for that terrible ailment—one, by the way, which, once affecting rural populations chiefly, is now slowly but surely increasing in urban centres. The anti-toxin, it will be remembered, is prepared by inoculating the horse with diphtheria bacilli, the result of this procedure being to develop in the blood of the animal the anti-toxin principle, which, used by inoculation in the case of the human sufferer, combats the disease and produces what in certain cases is little short of a marvellous cessation of the urgent symptoms. The value of anti-toxin has, of course, been a moot point in science, and one the merits of which only experience of its action may decide. The recent report regarding this substance, issued by the medical superintendent of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, is of great interest in this connection, and serves in a very gratifying manner to confirm the favourable opinion regarding the use of anti-toxin in diphtheria which many physicians in private practice had been led to entertain.

We are told, first of all, that the results obtained in 1895 were better than those which fell to be chronicled in 1894. Probably a wider experience of the use of anti-toxin may have contributed to this end. Taking the general statistics, it was found that in 3529 cases of diphtheria in 1895 the mortality was represented by 796 deaths, or 22.5 per cent. In 1894 the mortality was 29.6 per cent. There is a clear gain here evidently. The conclusions at which the medical officers arrive are given as follows: first, there has been a great reduction in the mortality of cases of diphtheria brought under treatment on the first and second day of attack; second, a lowering of the general death-rate to a point below that of any former year; third, cases in which the larynx or organ of voice was involved showed a still more remarkable reduction of the mortality under the anti-toxin treatment; and fourth, where the operation of tracheotomy had to be performed, there was noted a uniform improvement in results at each separate hospital. The fifth conclusion is that in the ordinary aftercourse of the disease, a beneficial effect was also noticeable. The general opinion of the medical staff is given in the words: "We are of opinion that in antitoxic serum we possess a remedy of distinctly greater value in the treatment of diphtheria than any other with which we are acquainted." All this represents a distinct gain to humanity at large, and our gratification at the results attained may be enlarged by the consideration that the remedy we are discussing is one which saves the lives of suffering children, who, in the truest sense of the term, are literally unable to help themselves.

I notice that some observations connected with the lifting power of the human jaws have of late been noted. The best evidence of practical kind one can find regarding this topic, I imagine, can be discovered on the boards of our music-halls. I have witnessed some very wonderful demonstrations of the enormous power exercised by the jaws both on the part of male and female acrobats. One strong man, if I mistake not, lifted a pony by aid of his jaws alone; and other feats of strength of this kind will occur to those of my readers who have been in the habit of studying the muscularity of the variety stage. It appears to have been reserved for an American dentist to demonstrate more specifically, however, the power of the jaws in ordinary human beings. On some five hundred persons of both sexes, experiments were conducted. The average amount of jaw-pressure exhibited by means of a special apparatus was 100 lb., but this average gives no indication, apparently, of the extremes met with in the course of the investigations. A girl, aged seven, exercising pressure by her front teeth alone, showed a result equal to 30 lb.; while with her back teeth a 65 lb. pressure was obtained. One medical man, it is said, attained the maximum result with a pressure of 270 lb. If these experiments be confirmed, they will afford some grounds for the hope that the deterioration of jaw and teeth, supposed to be an accompaniment of civilised existence, has not yet succeeded in diminishing to any very appreciable extent the muscularity of our facial arrangements.

Speaking of acrobatic feats, I have often thought that the scientific history of some of the wonderful persons one sees on the variety stage would form a by no means uninteresting chapter in the category of human abnormalities. A week or two ago I saw a girl perform a feat which struck me as being singularly curious. Standing with her face looking, say, to the right-hand side of the stage, and her toes pointing straight to that side, she then twisted her body right round, so that her face looked to the left-hand side, and in that position walked backwards, her toes, of course, pointing still to the right. This girl had previously exhibited a number of feats indicative of a very extraordinary degree of muscularity, as well as of semi-dislocation of the joints. In performing the feat in question, she concealed her body by a loose-fitting coat, so that the exact nature of her movements could not be seen; but I can vouch for what I did see—namely, the rotation of her body (presumably on the haunch) to a degree positively surprising. There is another performer, Sarina by name, called "the boneless wonder" and "the human serpent," whose power of twisting his anatomy in ways weird and wonderful must be seen to be believed. There must occur in such feats a veritable dislocation of joints, and certainly of the shoulder-joint, such as would render an ordinary mortal *hors de combat*. I hope the history of some of these freaks will one day be written from the anatomist's point of view.

The kinetograph has at last been utilised, as I anticipated it would be, for lantern-work, in the shape of the "animatograph" and "cinematograph" now being exhibited in London. The exhibition, despite a few defects, is very striking. A rolling sea was to my mind the most successful of the views exhibited. Every movement of the waves was accurately reproduced. Mr. Eadward Muybridge's "zoopraxiscope," I presume, antedates the present exhibition.



PRIMROSE DAY AT WESTMINSTER.

A WARNING!!!

Shall we Insure the Safety of THE BANK, COMMERCE, and Prevent the Greatest Blow to Civilisation that this World has yet Seen?

LIGHT WHEN THOU ELSE WERT BLIND!

MR. COBDEN said he would spend £100,000,000 on our Navy to make us stronger at sea than the French. I am astonished that he ever said anything so sensible. For what does £100,000,000 mean to England? It means increased taxation of £3,000,000 a year, or 1s. 9d. per head of the population. Is not England itself and its vast Empire worth 1s. 9d. a year to each one of the population of the country? If it is not, it is indeed a poor sham.

An annual payment of 1s. 9d. per head of the population would make the Channel safe beyond the possibility of doubt, would fortify London, and relieve us from the possibility of a *coup de main*. Shall we do this? Shall we ensure the safety of the Empire entrusted to us by our fathers, or shall we leave things as they are, and take the risk of an attack we cannot resist, and when we are beaten give our conquerors a thousand millions, half our Empire, and the whole of our Fleet, to go away again? Security is the Alpha and Omega of our natural existence. Take that away, and what remains? *Why is England the bank of the world?* Why do money and goods pour into her coffers from every nation under the sun? Why! Simply because for nearly three generations of men it has been the universal belief that she was absolutely safe—safe beyond suspicion, safe beyond the possibility of doubt.

A generation of Warriors and Statesmen and Scientists have now sprung up, who begin to express doubts of the absolute security of England; who see, or fancy they see, that her defences are below her possible, even necessary requirements. It is openly preached that the introduction of ironclads and torpedo-boats has very much equalised the condition of Naval warfare, and *pro tanto* diminished the advantages England formerly possessed for national defence. There are ample warnings of this spirit abroad. *But we take no notice of them*, positively we are the only people who ignore them; are we too proud to be taught by our enemies? or are we too penurious? Do we suppose that once attacked at home, or even seriously menaced, our ports blockaded, our capital threatened, perhaps occupied, that this confidence in England's Security would be continued or even be restored? *Never. England would have had her day of confidence and glory and would sink to the level of Holland or Spain. She would perish disgracefully from the most wretched pusillanimity that ever heralded the downfall of a nation—the covetousness of the miser, who dies of starvation rather than spend a shilling to buy bread—the penuriousness of a people, who refuse to pay an annual sum of 1s. 9d. per head to preserve the grandest Empire the world has ever seen.* We laugh at the idea of England being invaded, and London taken by a *coup de main*, and say it is impossible. *But the French do not say it is impossible; the Germans do not say it is impossible; on the contrary, they both believe that, Given the Command of the Channel, the attempt would succeed.* It is awful to contemplate.

In 1869 the French would have equally ridiculed the possibility of the Germans invading France, and dictating peace at Versailles. But why do we laugh at the idea of invasion, and say it is impossible? Because we believe the French can never have command of the Channel? *But is that impossible? Of course not.* The Channel is to the strongest; if France is the strongest, the Channel is to her. An accident, a succession of accidents, unforeseen combinations, want of judgment, of promptitude, on our part, might give her the command of the Channel? *France has a standing army of 1,500,000, and 2,500,000 who have passed through her ranks.*

I am not going into the exact numbers of the French and English Fleets in the Channel. It appears on paper that the English would have the advantage in ironclads and cruisers;

but that the French would have the advantage in torpedo-boats and fast gun-boats. In a week the whole French Mediterranean torpedo fleet can be conveyed overland, by canal, and by rail, from Toulon to Cherbourg. *This has been proved.*

It is believed that, in a week, the French would have 100 torpedo-boats afloat in the Channel. Some authorities say 150. The Fleets of England, all over the world, are about one-third stronger than the Fleets of France; but the Fleets of England have ten times as much to protect as the Fleets of France; and it by no means follows we should be one-third stronger in the Channel. These proportions would be altered by the Mediterranean Fleets; for within a week both French and English Fleets would be called home to take part in the great struggle in the Channel. But even if this superiority remained, it would not be

nearly enough for our security. *If the French are twenty to one stronger than we are on land, we ought to be five to one, at least, stronger than they are in the Channel.* The question is not, are we, or should we be, as strong as the French in the Channel, or a little stronger? but, are we five times as strong? Are we so much stronger that we can allow for accidents, and repeated accidents; and mistakes, and unforeseen combinations? Are we so much stronger that we can hoist the broom at the mast-head and sweep the Channel? Unless we are five times as strong as the French in the Channel, and unless we can sweep the Channel, we are in peril; and we are in peril, because we are not five times as strong, or twice as strong. All we venture to say is, we hope we are a little stronger in ironclads, even if we are weaker in torpedo-boats and fast gun-boats.

We have not sufficiently realised the fact that the effective service of a Mosquito Fleet depends immensely on the number and convenience of Ports of refuge open to them; they cannot keep the sea for a long time, and if they cruise far from home they are in danger. *It is not too much to say that the number, and strength, and convenience of the French Ports and Harbours on the Channel double the value of their Mosquito Fleet.*

Between Dunkerque and Brest they have thirty or more Ports and Harbours, six or seven of them strongly fortified, and one of them, Brest, absolutely impregnable. *Within a week of the declaration of war France would occupy the Channel Islands and command the mouth of the Channel.*

Between the Thames and Portsmouth we have no harbours of refuge. And neither the Thames nor Portsmouth is impregnable. From Portsmouth to the Land's End we have no fortified harbours unless it is Plymouth. Torpedo-boats can now cross the Channel in an hour. Even if we have a slight superiority in ships, how can we prevent these boats rushing across the Channel, and worrying our coasts

and destroying our commerce? Our fleet cannot be in a dozen or twenty places at once. The French have a naval conscription which gives them a large reserve of sailors, 100,000 I believe. *[Our Navy: Really, we had NO Reserve in the event of War.—Lord Charles Beresford on Naval Needs, April 18, 1893.]* We have no naval conscription, alas! or military either, and when our fleets are fully manned, have no reserve to fall back upon in case of disaster. If every French Ship was destroyed there would still be 4,000,000 trained soldiers to protect her shores.

"Put your trust in God," said Cromwell to his troops when preparing to cross a river, "but mind you keep your powder dry." It is absolutely certain that if we do not "keep our powder dry," our trust in Providence will not help us much. Some nation, or confederacy of nations, will take our Empire from us, as Darius did that of Belshazzar of old.—*Extracts from "Warning," published by W. J. Smith, 41, North Street, Brighton.*

NO VOICE, HOWEVER FEEBLE, LIFTED UP FOR TRUTH, DIES.—WHITTIER.

WAR!

TO FRANCE, RUSSIA, GERMANY, AUSTRIA, ITALY, ENGLAND, AND THE WORLD!

If it be possible, as much as in you lies, study to live at peace with all men.

MORAL—WISDOM contemplating Mankind leads but to two results—COMPASSION or DISDAIN.

Out of the Shadow of Night, The World rolls into Light; It is Daybreak Everywhere.—Longfellow.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.—

From the days of Naaman the Syrian to the present time the simplicity of a remedy often militates against its acceptability in the eyes of the ignorant sufferer. As the captain of the host of the King of Syria rebelled at the injunction 'Wash and be clean,' so the dyspeptic of to-day, in only too many instances, treats with ungrounded contempt a curative agent at once so natural and efficacious as ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' And this in the face of evidences of its value as numerous as they are unimpeachable. In this particular case, however, Mr. J. C. Eno, whose name is more prominently connected with saline preparations than any other manufacturer, may rightly claim to have generally educated the public mind up to an approximately appreciative understanding of the remedial virtues possessed by this compound. The labour has been an Herculean one, demanding not only an almost heroic amount of strength and courage, but also an infinite measure of wit and originality that have scarcely met with the recognition so justly their due. Did the world stand still or did the generation that is to be benefited very fully by the

experience gathered by their predecessors, but little necessity would exist for dwelling upon the special recommendations of ENO'S world-famous 'FRUIT SALT.' It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records. In view of the constant and steady influx of new buyers into all the markets of the world, it is impossible to rest on laurels, however ardently won or freshly gathered; and for this reason I have pleasure in again, though briefly, directing the attention of readers of this journal to the genuine qualities possessed by ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Residents in the fever-haunted regions to be found in some of our Colonial possessions, travellers at home and abroad, dwellers in the Tropics, the *bon-vivant* no less than the man to whom the recommendation 'Eat and be merry' is a sarcasm and a gibe—one and all may, with advantage to themselves, be reminded of a remedy that meets their special requirements with a success approaching the miraculous.—*European Mail.*

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has, in innumerable instances, PREVENTED what would otherwise have been a SEVERE ILLNESS. The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon a disordered and feverish condition of the system is MARVELLOUS.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

Without it you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS Imitation.

Prepared only at ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

It appears to me that the waist is very much in request this season. The edicts of fashion call aloud for slim proportions, and we must see that they get them, else will the latest styles not be exploited to their best advantage. But I beg to say, while making this remark, that I do not propose that we should take any serious measures in order to be able to follow fashion becomingly; rather would I protest against a too, too faithful observance of our autocrat's rules; we can so easily adapt them to our needs should the slim waist not be a gift which nature has accorded us. There is the corselet, for instance. If we adopt this we must, should our waist be somewhat extensive, cut it long in the centre of the front and short on the hips; thus shall we obtain the most satisfactory results. The corselet, it is true, will look its best when perfectly round at the base, but we shall look our best when it is graduated as I have indicated to suit the individual figure. An excellent corselet is that sketched on this page, and one which may only be worn by the damsel or dame who is comparatively flat below the waist, when it would look charming made in alpaca, striped with black silk braid, with black motifs on each point, the yoke being formed of cream-coloured satin, covered with a tracery of lace. Which reminds me that, before I forget it, I wish to draw your attention to some new embroideries of singularly lovely detail, showing a combination of black lisse, white lisse, iridescent beads interspersed with twinkling diamonds and small lace patterns. This is the latest novelty, and it is being used with most excellent effect to form waistcoats lined with white satin, while it is also fit to be allowed to make revers. And, again, for the extravagant it may be highly recommended to make a cape, when, if lined with white and plentifully ruffled with silk-edged chiffon, it will be voted extremely worthy of decorating the playhouse.

All the chiffon is this year silk-edged, while the frillings continue to be accordion-pleated, and the price of such luxuries is deterrently high. I write deterrently, but these are extravagant times, and we most of us manage to succeed somehow or other in obtaining what we want even while the selfish Matabili continue to ignore the influence of their belligerence on the mining market.

There are many frills and furbelows on our frocks, and in the near future the flounced skirt will be full upon us. There are little frills of black chiffon meandering up that other dress sketched, which is made of white poplin and has a bodice of black and white striped silk trimmed with jet and showing a waistcoat of white tulle fastened into a bow at the neck. A very favourite combination is black and white, and a delightful gown which I have met this week was made of striped silk, with a bodice of one of those new embroideries of black and white lisse, iridescent beads and diamonds, somewhat overhanging a draped corselet belt of white satin ribbon.

A dress which made its bow at the Drawing-Room had a white poplin train, trimmed with ruches of white net,



A SPRING FROCK.

edged with baby velvet ribbon, and the under dress of this was entirely of net, embroidered in steel and jet and silver. The effect was admirable—most admirable; but, again, it was not a style which the conscientious can label “economical.”

CORRESPONDENCE.

DRESDEN.—Thank you most cordially for your welcome. Yes; I think the alpaca coat would look very well made as you suggest. I would rather have the revers of alpaca, with loose revers over these made of white piqué.



THE NEW CORSELET.

The heliotrope lining is quite delicious; you could not better it; but I do not agree with you that the other clashes; indeed, I think it is quite harmonious. Personally, I should prefer the white piqué.

LADY MINE.—Peter Robinson's, of Oxford Street, have a shirt which they call “The Ideal,” made in striped silk, provided with a linen collar, for 19s. 6d. You could not do better than have one of these; they are of excellent shape, and the sleeves boast but moderate fullness. If you write them first, they will send you an illustrated catalogue in which it appears. Yes, I confess I do like the new sleeve, but then I must admit I have an inviolable prejudice in favour of present fashions.

PENNYFEATHER.—The hairdressers to whom I generally go are Dubosch and Gillingham, of 285, Regent Street. You cannot do better than follow in my footsteps. I like plain white gloves, and at Marshall and Snelgrove's you can get an excellent quality with four buttons for 2s. 11d. a pair. Use black and white checked silk for the lining of that skirt. This will keep clean all the summer.

CUPERTINA.—Choose a grey alpaca, and have a heliotrope bodice. The ordinary turn-down linen cuffs and collar you could buy anywhere. I like all blouses mounted on perfectly tight linings—indeed, this is the only way in which they ever set as they should set. The feather-stitching would not look well in a contrasting colour; it had far better match, when it would be an improvement. The name of that stiffening you want is *fibre chamois*, and you can get it anywhere. Write to me again about the other gown.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Very ludicrous accounts have been furnished to the English Press of the so-called “International Congress of Women” in Paris. I say “so-called,” because it is a speaking fact that not a single English delegate attended, or, as far as I know, was ever asked for, and that the German women present did not include one of the well-known advocates of the woman's movement of the Fatherland. Indeed, the Frenchwomen themselves present were unknown for the most part, and two of the most earnest of the genuine advocates of and participants in women's public work were absent—Madame Isabel Bogelot, the directress of the Prison Mission, and Madame Schmal, whose untiring efforts have just succeeded in passing a Married Woman's Property Bill through the Chamber of Deputies. A few better-class (intellectually and morally speaking) women were, however present; among them Mlle. l'opelin, the first lady lawyer of Belgium; who passed a brilliant series of examinations, and has practised in Brussels for some years with great success; Madame Maria Martin, editor of the *Journal des Femmes*; and Miss de Broen; a lady honoured by all Frenchmen for her efforts of charity, both among the poor of Paris at the present time and in London twenty-five years ago among the exiles of the Franco-German War.

It is plain, however, that the persons present at this “international” Congress were nothing more than a Socialistic “group” as a whole. The foolish resolution that the State should take charge of and support all children from the time of their birth to their majority is a sufficient indication of this fact. It is true that no less a person than Plato gave some encouragement to a similar notion; but then Plato presupposed very different conditions of social arrangements as a preliminary. It is only fair to the Paris Congressists, however, to note that all the scenes that they have had during their sittings seem to have been made by men, except the first one, which arose over the election of a mistress of a boarding-house to the chair. Another lady objected to this selection on the ground that it would be more seemly to have chosen a doctress than an hotel mistress; and undoubtedly, if there had been any serious object in view, the choice of a lady graduate would at least have been more politic. The rest of the “rows,” however, originated with the men present.

Mrs. Hilton, who died last week, was the founder of a small voluntary effort to do for children for a time what the French Congress voted that the State should do throughout minority. She saw how often the tiny babies of poor

mothers are neglected, and she determined to do what one person could do to dip a few drops from the seething misery of East-End life in this particular respect. She took three large old houses in Stepney Causeway, and turned them into a crèche. There she received babies from the ages of one month to five years, and looked after them and fed them from early morning to nightfall in order to leave the mothers' hands free for the day's labour. The children were brought in, some as early as six in the morning, and most of them were there by seven; and the going home was from five to eight at night. As soon as each baby was received, all its clothing was taken off, and the crèche dress put on, so as to ensure cleanliness. Swing cots stood in ranks down a long room, in each being laid a baby, clad over the rest in a cotton pinafore, provided with a specially constructed pocket to hold a feeding-bottle. Near the fireplace was a “pound,” paved with thick mattresses, and surrounded by an iron railing; in which the elder toddlers could play with the safe toys provided, or tumble about at intervals. From the ceiling depended some “baby jumpers,” in which to seat for a while those who could but just “feel their feet.” Everything was provided, in short, to enable as many babies as possible to be taken proper care of by a few nurses, so as to minimise the expense, and thus to allow as many as possible to be admitted. The mothers paid a small sum for the care and food of their children, but, of course, the bulk of the expense had to be met from voluntary subscriptions.

It is, I find, ten years ago that I visited Mrs. Hilton at the Crèche, and I was then much interested in the question of the provision of similar accommodation in connection with the Board schools. The London Board had provided in a few schools a “baby-room” and a “baby-minder” at the public expense for just the same class of children as Mrs. Hilton took, and this had been disallowed as illegal. It is, nevertheless, a most necessary provision. The Education Acts remove from the homes of the poor the elder children who could nurse the babies, and this really makes crèche accommodation a necessary part of the school in poor localities.

Miss Ormerod, who was for some years consulting entomologist to the Government, her knowledge of the insect world being unapproached by any other living authority, has now received the distinction of being appointed an examiner in this branch of agricultural science at Edinburgh University.

“Horseless carriages” promise to be a great institution for ladies with plenty of pluck to go about alone and steer themselves, but not enough vital force to propel a bicycle. An exhibition of “motor-cycles” at the Crystal Palace, to be opened by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress on May 2, is anticipated with much interest.

Quite a feature of the wedding-breakfast table at Coburg was the bridal cake supplied by Messrs. Gunter and Co. The sides were adorned with festoons of flowers and graceful sugar work, a medallion bearing the initial of the royal bride. The upper portion was composed of



ONE OF THE CAKES FOR THE ROYAL WEDDING
AT COBURG.

delicate sugar work, supporting a Parian vase with a bouquet of flowers.

“John Bond's Crystal Palace” marking-ink is surely a household word with us all. It is the proud possessor of forty-four gold medals, and is as reliable as this would lead us to suppose. Some marking-inks eat away the linen, others wash out very soon; this old favourite does neither, and articles marked with it can be sent to the wash at once after writing with safety. A useful linen-stretcher is given with each shilling bottle.—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



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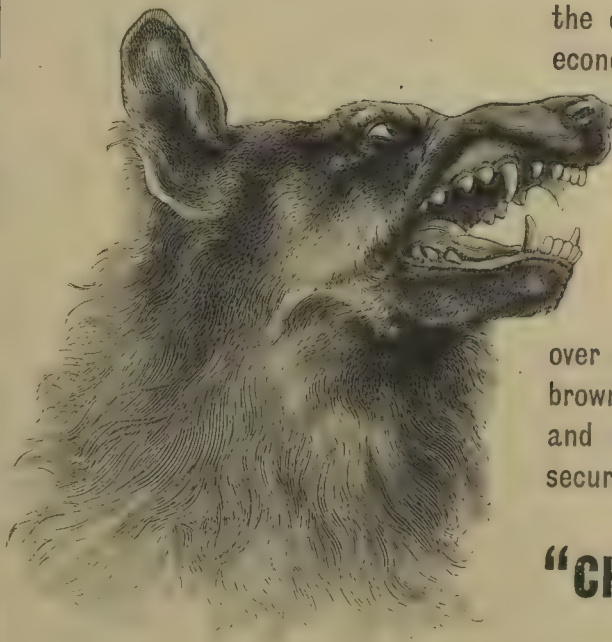
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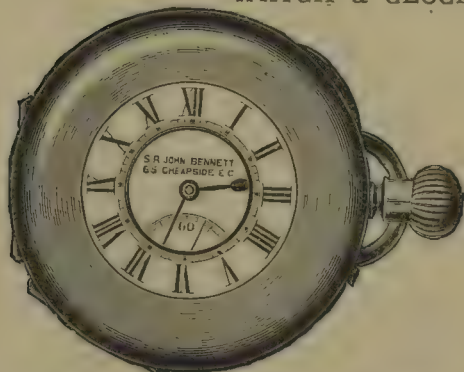
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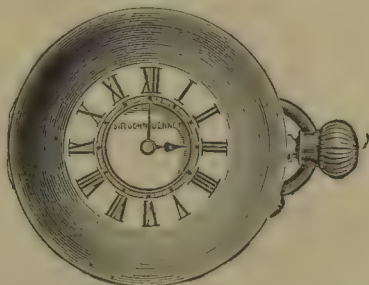


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richly emblazoned. Free and safe per post.
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KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and work-
manship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.

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LEVER WATCH. A fine 4-plate English
Keyless Lever, jewelled, chronometer balance, crystal glass.
The CHEAPEST WATCH EVER PRODUCED. Air, damp, and
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS

The will (dated June 29, 1894), with two codicils (dated June 14, and Nov. 2, 1895), of Mr. Anthony Heward Lister, of Canterbury House, West End, Hampstead, who died on March 6, was proved on April 9 by Mrs. Helen Lister, the widow, John Thornton King, John Ross, and James Puckering Gibson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £135,135. The testator gives £500 and the use for life of his household furniture and effects to his wife; £100 each to his executors; and annuities of £50 each to his sisters, Mary Maria Lister, and Rebecca Bennell. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay during the life or widowhood of his wife an annuity of £600 each to his daughters, Eliza Helen Nuttall and Helen King, and the remainder of the income to his wife. Subject thereto the residue is left upon further trusts for his said two daughters.

The will (dated Feb. 17, 1891) of Mr. Francis Pickersgill Cockshott, of 32, Carlton Road, Tufnell Park, late superintendent of the Great Northern Railway, who died on Feb. 7, was proved on April 13 by Alfred Ernest Cockshott, the son, and William Harding, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £65,705. The testator gives £6500 each to his children Elizabeth Dorothy, Mary Eveline, Maria Beatrice, Alfred Ernest, and Francis Edward; £100 to William Harding; an annuity of £300 to his daughter Florence Gertrude, and upon her death a sum of £1500 between her children; £300 per annum to his son Thomas Dobson, for life; and upon his death annuities to his wife and children; and specific gifts of jewels and presentation plate to all his children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his children Elizabeth Dorothy, Mary Eveline, Maria Beatrice, Alfred Ernest, and Francis Edward, in equal shares. He further states that the benefits to his sons and daughters are in addition to those made for them by his marriage settlement.



GUN AND GUN-CARRIAGE, WITH MULE, PRESENTED BY THE QUEEN TO THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

The members of the British Mission who left Tangier on March 29 bound for the city of Morocco, have taken with them a present from the Queen to the Sultan of Morocco in the shape of a gun and gun-carriage, together with a mule. The gun is one of the most recent Maxims.

The will (dated Sept. 5, 1894) of Mr. William Henry Peters, J.P., D.L., of Harefield House, Lympstone, Devon, who died on Jan. 24, was proved on March 27 by Major General William Henry Brooke Peters, the son, and John Smith, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £61,213. The testator confirms his marriage settlement, whereby his wife, Mrs. Maria Rosalinda Peters, is to receive a jointure of £400 per annum, and bequeaths to her a further £200 per annum and an absolute legacy of £200. He gives £100 each to the Religious Tract Society, the Army Scripture Readers' and Soldiers' Friend Society, the Society for Irish Church Missions to the Roman Catholics, the Female Penitentiary (Exeter), to the Rev. William Hay M. Aitkins' Memorial Mission Fund for Church Missions, to the Russell Hurditch Evangelisation Mission (164, Alexandra Road, St. John's Wood), to the Evangelical Alliance Society, to Mr. Müller's

Orphanage (Clifton, Bristol), to the Scripture Readers' Society, to the Rev. Edgar N. Thwaites, of Fisherton Rectory, Salisbury, towards the endowment of the Maundrell Hall, to the Evangelisation Society (21, Surrey Street, Strand), and to the clergyman officiating at the Bible Lodge, Harefield, and the rector or officiating minister of the parish of Lympstone, to be held by them in trust for the poor of that parish; £200 to Dr. Barnardo's Homes; £4000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Mrs. Mary Florence Spedding, Mrs. Harriet Amy Hamilton, and Mrs. Eleanor Jane Lennox; £500 to Lord Dunboyne; £200 to Lady Dunboyne; £300 to his executor John Smith; £100 each to his nephews and niece, Colonel Hamilton, Arthur Hamilton, and Mary Hamilton; and legacies to his granddaughters and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said son absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 6, 1894), with three codicils (dated Jan. 27 and March 26, 1894, and Jan. 26, 1896), of Mr. Richard Bloxam, formerly one of the Taxing Masters of the Court of Chancery, of Eltham Court,

Eltham, Kent, who died on Feb. 23, was proved on April 14 by Francis Richard Turner Bloxam and Frederick Turner Bloxam, the sons, and Frank Kinder, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £30,154. The testator bequeaths £600, eighteen shares in the Civil Service Supply Association, and the use for life of his household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Ann Bloxam; £50 each to his children; and legacies to grandchildren. He gives his property at Lambeth, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then to pay £320 per annum to his unmarried daughters, and subject thereto for all his children. On the death of his sister, Lucy Bloxam, certain stocks and money in which she has a life interest are to be held upon the same trusts as his Lambeth property, for his wife and children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then to all his children, the share of his son Francis Richard Turner Bloxam to

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exceed that of his other children by an amount equal to the original share of each child under an indenture dated April 29, 1884.

The will (dated Dec. 12, 1888), with a codicil (dated Dec. 15, 1890), of Mr. George Ellison, of Threlkelds, Birkenshaw, Birstal, Yorkshire, who died on Jan. 4, was proved on March 27 at the Wakefield District Registry by Mrs. Mary Ellison, the widow, Francis Beaumont Ellison, the son, and Edwin Charles Beaven, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £52,092. The testator gives all his household furniture and effects, carriages and horses, to his wife, and subject thereto he leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for her, for life or widowhood. Upon her death or remarriage an annuity of £1000 is to be paid to his daughter, Mrs. Frances Mary Beaven, and an annuity of £200 to her husband, Edwin Charles Beaven, if he survives her. The ultimate residue is to be held, upon trust, for his son, Francis Beaumont Ellison.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Oct. 11, 1895) of Sir Frederic Hughes, J.P., D.L., F.R.G.S., F.R.A.S., of Barntown House, Wexford, who died on Nov. 18, 1895, granted to Dame Theodosia Hughes, the widow, one of the executors, was resealed in London on April 11, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to £26,102. The testator gives £10,000 and during the life of Lady Hughes an annual sum of £400 to his son Walter Hastings Hughes; and £1000 each to his five

daughters. He devises all his property in the county of Wexford, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his oldest son, Frederick James Hughes. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Feb. 15, 1888), with a codicil (dated July 27, 1894), of Captain Henry Ernst, J.P., D.L., of West Combe, Somerset, who died on Feb. 11, was proved on April 10 by John Wallace Stocks, Charles Lund Fry Edwards, and Charles Whitbread Graham, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £25,192. The testator bequeaths his furniture and effects, the money standing to his account at Messrs. Stuckey's Bank, Shepton Mallet, and any money in the house at the time of his death to his wife, Mrs. Annie Ernst, and also the use for life of West Combe. All his manors, lands, hereditaments, and premises, charged with the payment of £5000 each to his daughters, Bessie Mary Ernst and Cheridah Annie Ernst on their respective marriages, are to be held, upon trust, for Mrs. Ernst for life or widowhood; but in the event of her remarriage she is to receive £1000 per annum. Subject to Mrs. Ernst's interest he settles West Combe and all his freehold estates upon his son, with remainder to his (testator's) first and other daughters in tail. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then between all his children other than the child who shall succeed to his real property.

The will of the Right Hon. Eliza Erskine, Dowager Countess of Mar and Kellie, of Bowsear, near Penrith,

Cumberland, widow, who died on July 14, 1895, was proved on March 26 at the Carlisle District Registry by the Hon. Augustus William Erskine, the son, and Horace Hayes Montgomery Lawrence, the nephew, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £11,674.

The will and codicil of Mr. Ernest Charles Pearse, of The Manor House, Lower Heyford, Weedon, Northampton, and 92, Inverness Terrace, Bayswater, who died on March 3, was proved on April 2 by the Rev. Henry Thornton Pearse, the brother, and Mrs. Eliza Pearse, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £5250.

A Congress Hall is to be built for the forthcoming Church Congress. Some burning questions are to be discussed, including secondary education, Papal claims and jurisdiction in England, and the Church's law of marriage, especially in relation to divorce. The guarantee fund has reached £3500.

Serious attacks continue to be made on the Salvation Army in India. It is asserted by missionaries, generally, that their converts are either non-existent, or made from those already connected with Christian Churches. Practically, no reply has been made by the authorities of the Army. "General" Booth's social scheme for India is generally condemned as inadequate.

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ART NOTES.

The sixteenth exhibition of the New English Art Club, held at the Dudley Gallery, shows that time has mellowed the members' style as much as it has ripened public taste. It is useless to deny the fact that New English Art has imposed itself upon a considerable section of the picture-loving public, and has survived the sneers and gibes with which its first appearance was greeted. At the same time, it must be admitted that it has made concessions to the Philistines, and with Mr. Mark Fisher as their leading landscape painter, and Mr. C. W. Furse as their chief portraitist, the New English Artists can make their exhibition attractive to a very wide circle of patrons. As a colourist, Mr. Mark Fisher excels Constable, whom he rivals in his treatment of pure English landscape, and one can only express surprise that a painter who has achieved such distinction is not recognised by the Royal Academy. Mr. Furse has not yet reached the full limit of his powers, and his portrait of the Rev. Walter Lock (53), although simple and forcible, is a trifle hard and dry. Mr. Tonks' portrait of a child in a red dress and white pinafore (64) is an instance of clever following in the line which Mr. Whistler inaugurated; while Mr. W. von Glehn frankly goes back to Mantegna,

and paints a nineteenth-century "Miss X." (94) in the key of a mediæval Madonna. There is even more interest in the reappearance of Mr. W. L. Windus as an exhibitor, for it is now nearly fifty years ago since he first came forward as the nearest approach to Millais in his pre-Raphaelite period. The three pictures here hung all show a fine sense of colour; but, unfortunately, the most important, "A Patrician" (87), remains unfinished. Mr. Roger Fry and Mr. D. S. MacColl have apparently been inspired by the same subject, and both have chosen the evening for painting the dark group of poplars which overhang some sluggish stream. As they concur in their rendering of the twilight scene, it doubtless so appeared to these high priests of the New Art, but to ordinary mortals greater illumination, especially of the middle distance, would seem imperative. Mr. Walter Sickert, who is no less qualified to speak in the name of the New Art, treats his "Venice" in a very different way; but, then, who would guess that Mr. George Thomson's "Strand-on-the-Green" (52), with its pellucid blue, and Mr. George Holloway's "Cheyne Walk" (49), with its grimy sky and water, deal with the same river at spots less than five miles apart?

The Grafton Gallery will have to rely upon something more substantial in the way of art than the overflow of

M. Sedelmeyer's establishment if the proprietors desire to maintain its popularity. The four huge pictures which bear witness to Herr Julius von Payer's perseverance as an explorer and an artist are outside the domain of criticism. They are obviously works of devotion by one who realised in the fullest sense the terrors of the Arctic seas and the splendid example of endurance left by Sir John Franklin. We recognise the tribute paid to our fellow-countryman, and are glad to congratulate the artist upon having escaped perils scarcely less menacing than those to which his forerunners in Arctic research succumbed. Herr von Payer has told in print the story of his three expeditions, and now he recalls by these vividly conceived pictures some of the scenes through which he himself passed; but with characteristic modesty he surrenders to Franklin and his brave companions the honour of connecting their names with incidents which only an Arctic explorer could have imagined.

It is to be regretted that the rest of the wall-space should have been devoted to work so little in harmony with Herr von Payer's epic of the struggle of human will against the forces of nature. Those who are acquainted with M. Sedelmeyer's establishment in Paris are aware that frequently many first-rate works of art pass through

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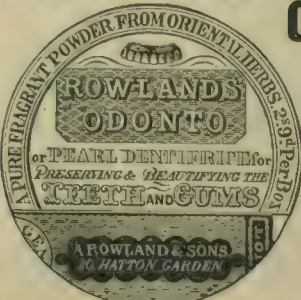
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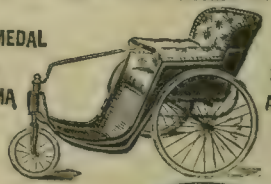
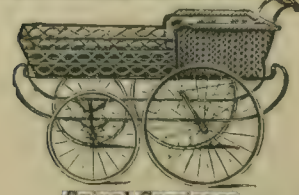
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The 242nd FESTIVAL will be celebrated with a full choral service
in St. Paul's Cathedral, on WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, commencing
at Half-past Three. The Choir of 300 Voices will be accompanied
by the Organ and a Full Orchestra.

The Service will commence with Sir Arthur Sullivan's overture
"In Memoriam." The anthem will be "The Martyrdom of
St. Stephen," from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul." The Old Hundredth
Psalm will be sung before the sermon, which will be preached
by the Rev. Bernard Robert Wilson, M.A., Rector of Kettering;
and the service will conclude with Beethoven's "Hallelujah
Chorus." The LORD MAYOR and SHERIFFS, the ARCH-
BISHOPS and BISHOPS, STEWARDS, &c., will attend the
Service.

The Annual Dinner (Tickets for which are issued by the Registrar
at the Office) will take place on the same day at Six o'clock for 6.30
precisely, in Merchant Taylors' Hall, the Right Hon. the LORD
MAYOR presiding, supported by the Sheriffs, Archbishops, Bishops,
Stewards, &c.

Earl Beauchamp
Right Hon. Viscount Cross,
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time)
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The Hon. Mr. Justice Kekewich
(fourth time)
The Right Hon. Sir Walter
Wilkin, V.D., Lord Mayor
(second time)
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M.P. L.L.D. (fifteenth time)
Sir James Whitehead, Bart.
(third time)
Sir William Henry Wills, Bart.,
M.P.
Field-Marshal Sir J. Lintorn
Simmons, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.
Colonel H. D. Davies, Alderman,
M.P. (seventh time)
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White (sixth time)
Alderman J. Pound, Sheriff of
John R. Cooper, Esq., London
Venerable William Sinclair,
D.D., Canon of St. Paul's and
Archdeacon of London (third
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time)
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(fifth time)
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(eleventh time)
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aged single daughters .. 15,411 0 0
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apprentice fees for clergy children .. 5,023 15 0
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The number of persons assisted in 1895 was 1877.
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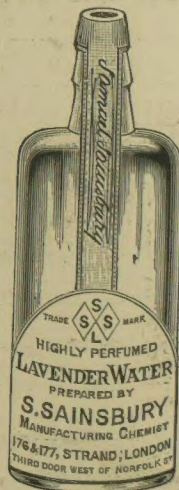
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his hands; but he must have a very poor opinion of British taste if he supposes that the pseudo-Meissonier work of Signor Tito Lessi—represented by twenty works—or the bare, scratchy landscapes of M. Eugène Jettel, of which sixty appear to have remained in the dealer's hands for many years, will find favour on this side of the Channel. M. Munkacsy is well known with us; but neither of the two pictures here will revive his popularity. Professor Brosik will scarcely compare with Mr. Lorimer, nor will M. Charlemont's harsh Belgian style attract many admirers.

Of course, the real object of the exhibition is to arouse interest in Dr. Bode's forthcoming "Life of Rembrandt,"

for which M. Sedelmeyer has collected nearly four hundred photogravures after that master's paintings. The value and beauty of this collection, which exceeds anything before attempted, are beyond controversy, and those who can afford to gratify their taste will find the opportunity when the long announced biography, which is to be the last word in the life and work of Rembrandt von Rijn, appears.

The transition is abrupt from the dark chiaro-oscuro of Rembrandt's pictures to the pencil drawings, often of the delicacy of silver-point, of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, of which a charming collection has been brought together at the Fine Art Society's Gallery. Perhaps the most interesting

are those obviously preparatory to some of his best known works—the "Resurrection Morn," the "Golden Stairs," the "Chant d'Amour," and others. The designs for the Kelmscott Press edition of Chaucer are more completely worked out, and they suggest a comparison with the designs for the "Story of Orpheus," which, presumably, will be included in those for the "Æneid." The question thus raised is whether Sir E. Burne-Jones is better qualified to figure as the champion of the Romanticists or of the Classicists. It is a question each will solve in his own way; but no better help in arriving at a just conclusion can be imagined than a careful inspection of this most fascinating collection of the artist's drawings.

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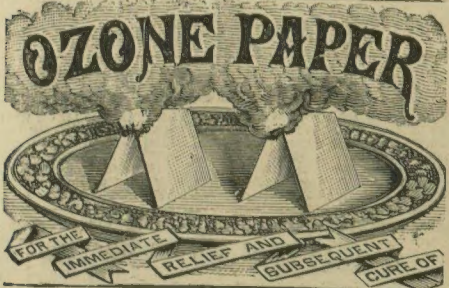
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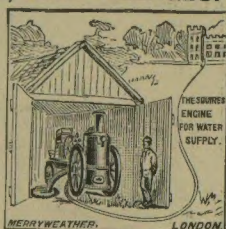
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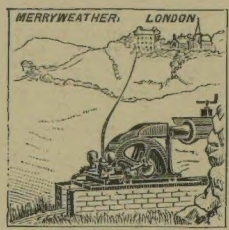
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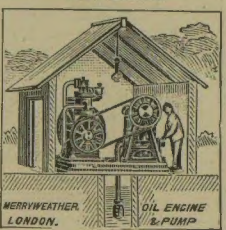
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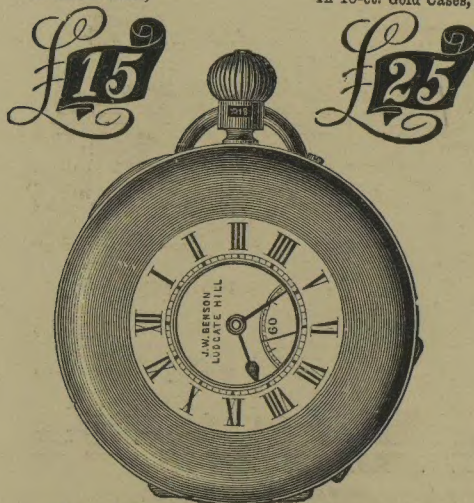
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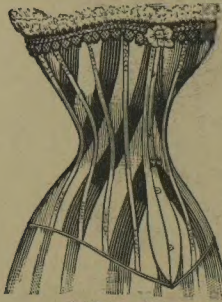
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in Italian Cloth, Satin, and
Coutil; 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11
per pair and upwards.

CAUTION.—Every Genuine Y & N
Corset is Stamped.

THREE GOLD MEDALS.

Sold by all Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.

TO THE CONTINENT. Via QUEENBORO'-FLUSHING.

ROYAL DUTCH MAIL.

GREAT SAVING IN TIME. GREAT IMPROVEMENTS IN SERVICE.
The magnificent new 21-KNOT PADDLE-STEAMERS, built by the Fairfield Co., of Glasgow, are now running in this Service.
BERLIN-LONDON in 20 Hours ... Arrival Berlin, 8.28 p.m.
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Etc. ZEELAND STEAM-SHIP COMPANY, Flushing.

Ladies are requested to write for Patterns of

"LOUIS" VELVETEEN

TO

THOS. WALLIS & CO., Ltd., Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

THE NEW CROWN VIOLET

AN EXQUISITE PERFUME.

"The Delicious Essence of the Violet itself,
distilled from the fragrant Violet Gardens
of the Sunny Riviera."

In Crown-Stoppered Bottles only.

THE CROWN PERFUMERY COMPANY,

177, NEW BOND STREET, W.

FASHIONABLE MOURNING

AT MODERATE PRICES.

PETER ROBINSON,

256 to 264, REGENT ST.

"MYRTLE GROVE"

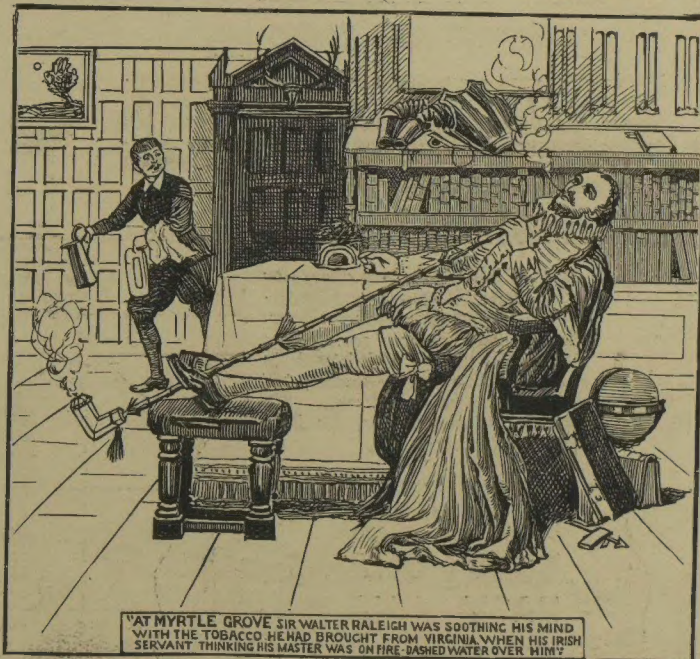
TOBACCO.

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE.

SWEET.

COOL.

FRAGRANT.



"AT MYRTLE GROVE SIR WALTER RALEIGH WAS SOOTHING HIS MIND
WITH THE TOBACCO HE HAD BROUGHT FROM VIRGINIA WHEN HIS IRISH
SERVANT THINKING HIS MASTER WAS ON FIRE DASHED WATER OVER HIM."

"MYRTLE GROVE"

CIGARETTES.

SWEET.

COOL.

FRAGRANT.

None Genuine without our Name on each Cigarette.

TADDY AND CO., MINORIES, LONDON.

"A WORD IN YOUR EAR"

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY
of the complexion, hands,
arms, and hair is found in
the perfect action of the
Pores, produced by

**Cuticura
SOAP**



The most effective skin
purifying and beautifying
soap in the world, as well
as purest and sweetest for
toilet, bath, and nursery.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEW-
BERRY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER
DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

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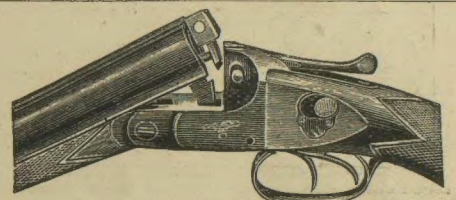
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BOILING WATER OR MILK:

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT

PURELY VEGETABLE, Perfectly Harmless.
Will reduce from two to five
pounds per week; acts on the
food in the stomach, pre-
venting its conversion into
Fat. Sold by Chemists. Send
stamp for pamphlet.
Botanic Medicine Co.,
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PRIZES TO THE VALUE OF £800 WON THIS SEASON AT
MONTE CARLO. Price List on Application.

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68, Haymarket, London: St. Mary's Square, Birmingham.

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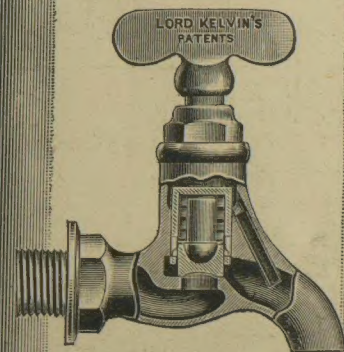
Your name and address on a (1d.) post card,
mailed to Chas. Wright & Co., Chemists, Detroit,
Mich., U.S.A., will bring you a free sample of
Wright's Antiseptic Myrrh Tooth Soap. It gives
beautiful, white teeth, preserves the enamel,
heals sore gums, prevents decay, and is delight-
ful and refreshing to the mouth; no soapy taste.
Sold by Chemists and perfumers, and recom-
mended by dentists everywhere. Take no sub-
stitute. Large box sent post paid for 1-in stamps.
Geo. W. Timms, Dentist, 9, Wimpole St.,
London, says: "I am using your Myrrh Tooth
Soap and find it by a long way the best of all
preparations for the teeth. I commend it to all
those interested in good teeth."
Myrrh Tooth Soap is supplied by English Wholesale
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THE INDESTRUCTIBLE HOT & COLD WATER TAP

INVENTED BY

LORD KELVIN

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GUARANTEED FOR 3 YEARS

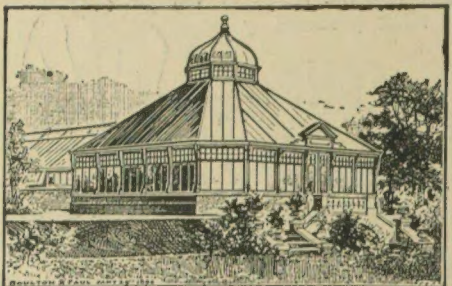
NO PACKING
NO WASHERS
NO LEAKAGE

SOLD IN MANY VARIETIES BY
PLUMBERS & IRONMONGERS,
AND BY THE

PALATINE ENGINEERING CO. LTD.

10 BLACKSTOCKS LIVERPOOL

BOULTON & PAUL, HORTICULTURAL BUILDERS, NORWICH. CONSERVATORIES, VINERIES, GREENHOUSES, &c., DESIGNED TO SUIT ANY SITUATION.



Estimates on application. Ladies and Gentlemen waited upon.
GREENHOUSES FOR AMATEURS.
No. 47A. 10 ft. by 7 ft. 1 Painted and Glazed ... £8 10s.
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Carefully Packed and Carriage Paid.

RANGES OF HORTICULTURAL BUILDINGS
Erected Complete in any part of the Kingdom.



No. 77.—**VIOLET FRAME**, 6 ft. by 4 ft.
similar to No. 75, with Two Lights. **30/-**

CARRIAGE PAID on orders of 40s. value to most
Goods Stations.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

**A Toilet Powder for the
Complexion,**

Also for the Nursery,
Roughness of the Skin,
after Shaving, &c.

Hygienic, and pre-
pared with Pure
and Harmless
Materials.

PRICE

1/-

POUDRE D'AMOUR
Prepared by Picard Frères, Parfumeurs.
In Three Tints,
**BLANCHE,
NATURELLE,
RACHEL.**
To be had of all Perfumers,
Chemists, &c.
Wholesale—
R. HOVENDEN & SONS,
Berners St., W., & City Rd., E.C., London.

PRICE
1/-

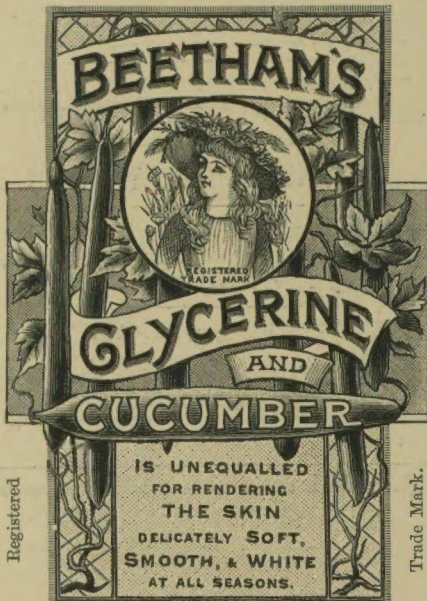
NOTICE. ALTERATION OF LABEL.

In consequence of the numerous imitations of their **RED AND BLACK "GLYCERINE AND CUCUMBER" LABEL**, M. BEETHAM AND SON have designed and adopted this new and distinctive one, which in future will be used both on the Bottles and Outside Cases. It has been duly registered as a "Trade Mark" at home and abroad, and M. BEETHAM AND SON will be greatly obliged by any information regarding any imitations of the same that Ladies may have offered to them.

LADIES
should be careful
to obtain

'BEETHAM'S'

as numerous
Preparations
called by the same
name, but quite
different in quality,
are often
substituted for the
original.



(In Green, Gold, and Chocolate).

FACSIMILE
of Front of
NEW LABEL
on Bottle.

The same is on
OUTSIDE CASE,
with slight
additions,
Top and Bottom.

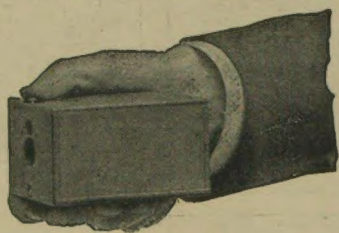
IT HAS NO EQUAL For Preserving the Skin

from the Effects of the Sun and Winds,
and FROM THE ACTION OF **Hard Water** on the Delicate
Tissues of the Skin.

Removes and Prevents all Redness, Roughness, Irritation, &c.
A BEAUTIFUL and CLEAR COMPLEXION is ensured by its use.

Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Either Size post free 3d. extra, from
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A perfect camera on a small scale.
Weights only 5 ounces.
Size of Picture, $1\frac{1}{2} \times 2$ inches.
Loaded in daylight.
One button does it—sets the shutter,
and changes action from time to in-
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Made of aluminium, and covered with
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Price, with 12 Exposures of Film,
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Photographic Materials
Co. Limited,

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ASTHMA CURE GRIMAULT'S INDIAN CIGARETTES

Difficulty in Expectoration, Asthma, Nervous
Coughs, Catarrh, Sleeplessness and Oppression
immediately relieved by Grimault and Co's Indian
Cigarettes, 1s. 6d. per box all Chemists, or post
free Wilcox, 239, Oxford-St. London, W.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL
COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant
odour.
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin,
or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER
is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

NOTICE.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be
obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN
Drug Co., 217, FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.



Example of a **HAMPDEN** Luxurious Easy Chair, in
Morocco, for Dining-Room, Library, or Club.

CARPETS FROM KASHMIR

MAPLE & CO. have just bought a Valuable Consignment
of these Rare and Beautiful Carpets, which they are offering at
considerably less than current prices. KASHMIR CARPETS are
replacing a lost industry—that of the famous shawl-weaving, the natives
having applied themselves to carpet-weaving with conspicuous success.



Example of a **PANSHANGER** Large and Luxurious Easy
Chair, in Morocco, for Dining-Room, Library, or Club.

MAPLE & CO

LIMITED

Tottenham Court Road London

The Largest and Most Convenient

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IN THE WORLD

LUXURIOUS EASY CHAIRS

MAPLE & CO. enjoy a world-wide celebrity for really comfort-
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Chairs, and Lounges. These are made in Maple and Co's
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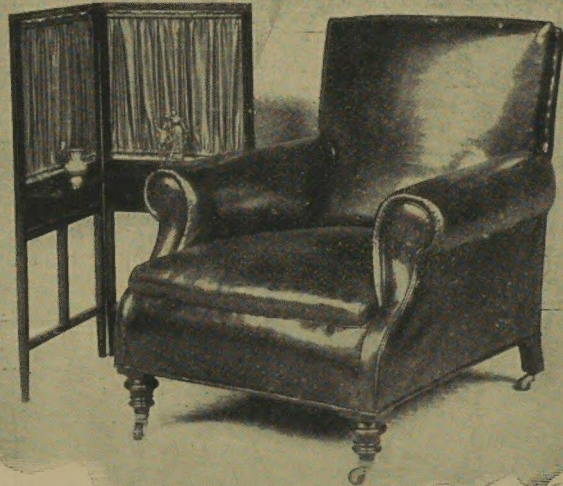
COMFORTABLE EASY CHAIRS

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immense assortment of luxuri-
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Settees, and Couches, in different
shapes and styles, upholstered in
various fashionable materials, all
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largest selection of comfortable Easy
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TO SELECT FROM
EASY CHAIRS
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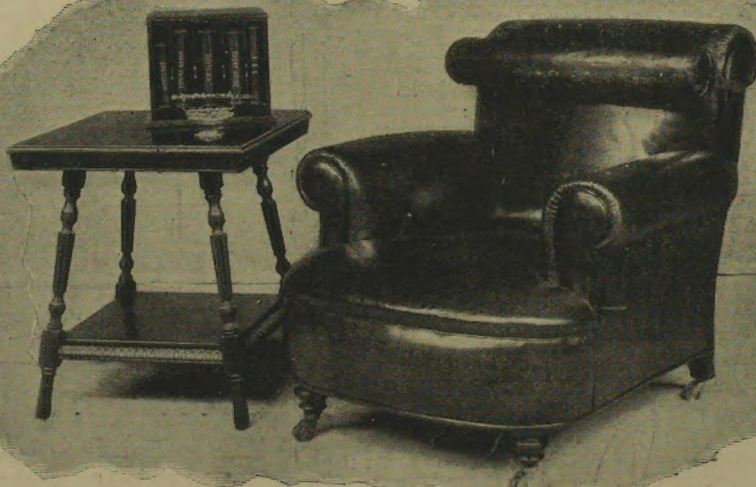


Example of a **SHAFTESBURY** Large and Luxurious Easy
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MAPLE & CO.'s Fine EASTERN RUGS are a "lasting pleasure."
MASULIPATAM RUGS, in the famous ASHAMKHANY, PARSEKHANY,
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Grounds, each Rug measuring about 6 ft. to 6 ft. 3 in. by 3 ft. 2 in. wide, 15s. each.
A single Rug can be sent by parcel post. Coloured Drawings free.



Example of the **WELLESLEY** Large and Luxurious Easy Chair, in
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